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AUGUST 20, 1955 / 20¢

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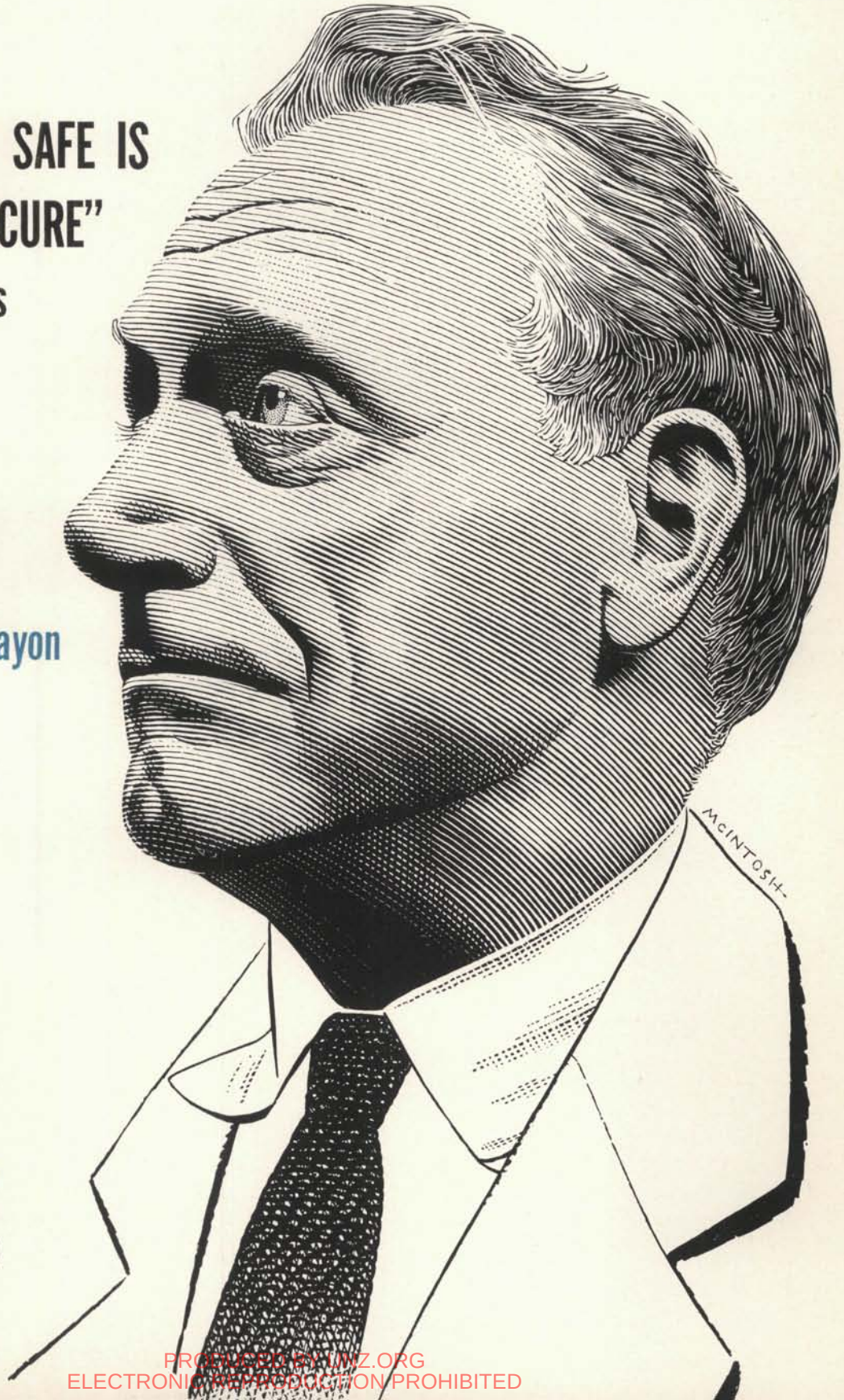

Robert Penn Warren, author of "Band of Angels." (See page 9)

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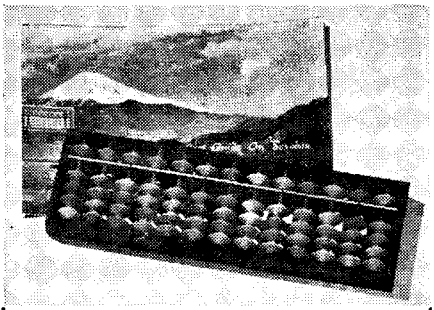

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SR's Library Poll

AS THE United States public-school plant sags under the burdens of war-babies and financial neglect, many parents who don't want or can't afford to send their kids to private schools wonder why the richest country in the world supports a less than first-rate educational system. Although in "Why Johnny Can't Read" (#5 on *SR*'s list) Dr. Flesch mainly criticizes modern reading instruction, our hope is that the dreadful picture he paints will inspire a general alarm to the benefit of Young America.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Gift from the Sea**
by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)**
3. **Bonjour Tristesse**
by Françoise Sagan (F)
4. **Something of Value**
by Robert Ruark (F)
5. **Why Johnny Can't Read**
by Rudolf Flesch (G)
6. **How to Live 365 Days a Year**
by John A. Schindler (G)
7. **No Time for Sergeants**
by Mac Hyman (F)
8. **A Man Called Peter**
by Catherine Marshall (G)
9. **Onions in the Stew**
by Betty MacDonald (G)
10. **Auntie Mame**
by Patrick Dennis (F)
11. **The Flower Girls**
by Clemence Dane (F)
12. **Laurette**
by Marguerite Courtney (G)
13. **My Philadelphia Father**
by Cordelia Drexel Biddle (G)
14. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde**
by John P. Marquand (F)
15. **Party of One**
by Clifton Fadiman (G)
16. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
17. **The Dinner Party**
by Gretchen Finletter (F)
18. **The Blackboard Jungle**
by Evan Hunter (F)
19. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
20. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit**
by Sloan Wilson (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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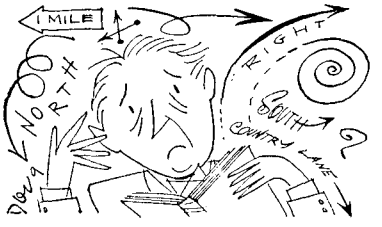
TRADE Winds

THE OTHER DAY I RECEIVED a set of galleys of "Not the Glory," the new book by Pierre Boulle which Vanguard will publish in September. I'm eager to read it because Boulle's previous book, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," was to my mind one of the most acute and sardonic novels I've encountered in many a day. Boulle is a Frenchman and "The Bridge" was about an English colonel—a Blimp among Blimps—who nearly lost his particular corner of the Second World War because he was possessed of all the stubbornness, all the rectitude, all the capacity for holding to the ideal and missing the point which has given Britain that remarkable record of losing so many battles and winning so many wars. I don't know whether "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" is still in your bookstore, but if it is don't miss it. I understand there is a plan afoot to make a movie of it. Assuming this to be true, I have a plan afoot to be first in line at the box office.

AS YOU MAY GATHER from the above remarks, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" gives none the best of it to the British and I find myself surprised that I liked it so well because I am more than partial to England. This story was told a dozen times when it was new and maybe it is old enough now to warrant retelling. It's a story that moved me as did few others in the early days of the Second World War. France had fallen, the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries, except neutral Sweden, were conquered, and we were still enjoying that false security which preceded Pearl Harbor. Every night the Luftwaffe was pockmarking Britain. The story was about a British golf club somewhere not too far from London. It seems that a sign had been hung in the locker room: "A ball played into a bomb crater may be lifted and placed outside the crater but no nearer the green without penalty." I never saw the sign. I never met anyone who saw the sign. But I know it had to be there. It was part of the spirit that was keeping the cause of freedom alive at that time.

SINCE I TEMPORARILY moved into these premises no item in this column has caused more people to telephone and write me than the paragraph about my current studies at the Reading Institute of New York University. "Does it really speed up your reading?" "Are you sure you aren't skipping or missing the writer's point?" Yes, yes to the first question. No, no to the second. I paid good but not much money for the course, and I am convinced that I have already gotten it back manyfold in new reading capacity. As with any course of instruction, much of the value depends on the quality of the teaching. I assume that all their teachers are good; I have no reason to believe that the one I was assigned to is not typical of their faculty. His name is Dr. Devine and I owe him this mention for the care, patience, and interest which he has bestowed on me. One of the facilities the course gives you is that of reading complicated physical directions—reading them once, closing the book, and drawing a map graphically descriptive of the directions. You know the kind of passage: "We drove north for a couple of miles, then turned right to the sea. Within a mile we came to a country lane and



then turned right again until we were within sound of the breakers. There we met the highway, turned left on it until we came to the road overlooking the beach, etc., etc."

Try reading a page like that in about thirty seconds and then draw an accurate map of the course described.

"So what?" one might ask, "isn't it enough to know that the course took a general direction which brought it presently to the shore?" Not always; sometimes directions of that sort are indispensable to an understanding of what you are reading. For example, the stage-set at the beginning of a play. How often when you are read-

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ing a play have you had to turn back to the beginning of the act to understand whether the divan was to the left or right of the fireplace, and just where was the staircase down which the girl ran? If you learn the trick of absorbing this kind of physical direction reading—especially play-reading—becomes increasingly pleasant. Remember that scene in "The Male Animal" when Professor Tommy Turner appears at the French windows and lifts the coffee-cup from the saucer Joe Ferguson is holding? On stage it is a great sight gag. Reading it is funny only if you have a clear picture of the Turner living room and the particular point on the downstage right wall where the French doors are set.

ONE PLAY I LOOK FORWARD TO READING the minute it is published is "Pipe Dream," the Hammerstein version of Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday." Hammerstein and Rodgers have just about completed writing their musical version and it goes into rehearsal this September. Sure, I read the novel and expect to see the musical, but I also want to *read* the latter. Anybody interested in dramatic criticism written in advance of opening night may have mine now. "Loved the novel, adored the play."

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING to be living in the era of Rodgers and Hammerstein and to look forward every year or so to the oncoming of a new "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," "Carousel," "Allegro," "The King and I." It's living in an era of wonderful new songs and beautiful new lyrics and it makes it possible for us, today, to appreciate what it must have been like to have lived in the London of Gilbert and Sullivan. Every year or so new music is born, new verses come to life, and everyone of us who can see, who can hum or whistle—or even sing—owes a debt to Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein which no amount of payment at the box office will ever discharge. The only thing I know about "Pipe Dream" is that they have wonderfully cast the madam. In "Sweet Thursday" she's the one, you will remember, who is not particularly interested in her girls' professional activities, but is vitally concerned in teaching them the arts of courtesy, particularly proper table setting. Helen Traubel will act and sing that role, which seems to me as inspired a bit of casting as there's been since Rodgers and Hammerstein went to Pinza and said, "Now we've got this middle-aged French planter on a Polynesian Island and he looks exactly like you."

Pinza, of course, was wonderful as Emile de Becque; but permit me to sound off a personal enthusiasm which I seem to share with lots of others. Pinza's understudy in the original cast was a then unknown baritone named Richard Eastham. Because Pinza wasn't accustomed to singing eight performances a week his understudy had to fill in nearly sixty times during the first year of the New York performance. Fill in is scarcely the phrase. Dick Eastham *was* Emile de Becque. So much so that when they readied the national company Eastham was given the male lead and he sang it magnificently for a couple of years, including a record-breaking year-plus in Chicago. Everybody with a drum in his ear has the original-cast records of "South Pacific," but you could do a lot worse than add to your record collection the one of Eastham singing "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine."

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN NO AUTHORITY to tell the following story but it's true, and I'm going to tell it anyhow. When "South Pacific" was in rehearsal Eastham was cast as one of the Seabees—a chorus role. Then it was announced that the following day they were going to have try-outs for Pinza's understudy. Eastham applied. Could he speak with a French accent? "Sure," said Eastham. This wasn't true. Eastham spent all that night learning French accent from a dramatic coach. By the next day he thought he had it temporarily for the audition. That afternoon when audition time rolled around Eastham was all set. But Joshua Logan said it had been a trying day for Rodgers and Hammerstein and he put off the audition for twenty-four hours. Eastham's heart sank. He had spent all his available cash on that all-night study. In twenty-four more hours the best effects of it would have worn off.

Then occurred one of those magic backstage moments. Hammerstein and Rodgers *were* tired but here they were suddenly saying to Logan, "Let's get going with the audition." In another instant Eastham was up on the stage possessed of his newly acquired accent and a few minutes later he had won the job. With Pinza's subsequent frequent attacks of laryngitis Eastham had ample opportunities not merely to rehearse but actually to perform the role and thus to polish his accent. Oh yes, he had to make his hair artificially gray. You see, he and Ensign Nellie Forbush are—offstage—contemporaries, and after each performance it was Dick who literally had to wash that man right out of his hair. —ALAN GREEN.

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 20, 1955

"THE WAY TO BE SAFE IS NEVER TO BE SECURE"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the cry of indignation that comes when a lawyer sees the skills of his profession perverted, its principles poisoned—and men and women hurt in the process. Charles P. Curtis is a well-known attorney who has practised in Boston since 1919, a veteran of World War I, a former member of the Harvard Corporation, a special assistant in the State Department in 1941, and an author whose latest book, "The Oppenheimer Case" (Simon and Schuster), will come out this month. The cause of Mr. Curtis's strong feelings was his reading of "Case Studies in Personnel Security," published by the Bureau of National Affairs and financed by the Fund for the Republic, for which a group of lawyers headed by Adam Yarmolinsky selected fifty typical cases of the operations of the Government's vast and chaotic security system. As these cases suggest, commissions and individuals responsible for security have acted many times either in ignorance or defiance of accepted procedures of American law and common sense. Most often these arbitrary proceedings have not succeeded in making America any safer, or in illuminating what the threats to our safety are or were. But it is the helpless individuals who have been maimed by the flailing and witless arms of these Government programs who inspire the most concern.

By CHARLES P. CURTIS

I HAVE just finished reading a series of brief accounts of fifty cases in our Federal personnel security program. These fifty were collected by a group working under Adam Yarmolinsky for the Bureau of National Affairs. They are not, of course, enough to support any final judgment on our security system, but they are enough to give any man pause, and they are enough to give any meditative citizen a strange mixture of feelings—bewilderment, compassion for the victims, laughter at official folly, and nausea at the cruelty. Some of these cases may be unusual. This must be our hope, but it does not take more than a few cases of folly to make a fool, nor much cruelty to make you feel a little sick.

No one knows how many cases of the kind represented in this collection have been decided since the security system spread through the Federal Government more than seven years ago. No one knows how many people have been dismissed from employment as a result of hearings like these, nor how many have been reinstated. We do know that some 10,000,000 men and women, one out of six in our working population, are subject to some kind of security test. Two-and-a-half million employes of the Federal Government, more than 3,000,000 in the Armed Forces, several hundred thousand Atomic Energy workers, merchant seamen and port workers, and an additional 3,000,000 or so employes in private industry engaged in defense work are subject to investigation. If "derogatory information" relating to the present or past activities of the individual himself, or some friend or relative, turns up in the file he may be suspended from his job and required to prove to a security board that his continued employment is "clearly consistent with the national security."

Let me say at once, to begin with, that the people who are administering our security system have not had the benefit of being watched. We have not done our part. We have not insisted on watching and listening to what they have been doing. There are some things our public officials do best in secret, some few things. Passing judgment on their fellow citizens is not one of them. A good half of the reasons why our judicial system is admirable is that we are watching it. We can come and go, in and out of its courtrooms, and we watch our judges from the jury box. Our security system suffers under the handicap of secrecy and isolation.

We require our judges to publish their reasons for their decisions. We should not have known, we could

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only have surmised, what fools the Gray Board and the Atomic Energy Commission made of themselves had they not published their reasons for condemning Oppenheimer together with nearly all the evidence on which they acted. By their fruits shall ye know them, but a visitor can get a better idea of what is going on. In none of Mr. Yarmolinsky's fifty sample cases did the security board give us its reasons for its decision. In nearly half of these fifty cases, twenty of them, the employe had nothing to do with any secret or classified material, no access to it. And yet they were required to prove that their continued employment was "clearly consistent with the interests of national security." This is the language of Executive Order No. 10450.

IF an employe is disloyal the sooner the Government gets rid of him the better, but it is as easy to be sanctimonious about loyalty as it is about heresy, and security in fact has a way of turning into a sense of security, or even into complacency. The charge was disloyalty under President Truman; now it is that the employe is a security risk. As a matter of practice, there is little or no difference. Large words melt in the mouth of a prosecutor or in the mind of an unsophisticated or inexperienced tribunal. Let's see just what sort of charges were made in these fifty cases.

They fall into four lots.

One lot is the charge that the employe has been, no matter when or how long ago it was, a Communist. There were only five, possibly six, cases in these fifty where it was charged that the employe had ever been a member of the Party; and in four of them the employe was cleared. We've pretty well got rid of ex-Communists as well as current Communists now that the Government has persuaded itself that membership in the Communist Party is a chronic and incurable disease. But a card-carrying Communist has become too rare a dish to content us. Take the case of an engineer for a private Government contractor. He had been cleared twice, in 1947 and again in 1950. In October 1953 the question of his clearance was raised again in a letter which gave only the following reason: "Your statements over an extended period of time show your dissatisfaction with the U. S. form of government and your preference for the Russian or other form of totalitarian government."

He replied: "As I scrutinize my entire life in this critical moment I find only one period when I made any statements which could possibly have provoked any charges against me. This was the time when I worked for [P] Company during World War II. An explanation of the circumstances will show that the charges are unfounded.

"My immediate supervisor was Dr. [A]. This man was an able [X] engineer and a conscientious person, but in the political field he was subject to considerable prejudices. He was, if possible, slightly more conservative and excitable than Colonel McCormick. On the other hand, I had considerable sympathy for the New Deal. We ate lunch together frequently, with some of the other engineers, and in my youthful folly I succumbed to the temptation to twit Dr. [A]. I argued in favor of socialized medicine; I approved the excess profits tax; I even said a good word at times for Franklin D. Roosevelt. The result was that Dr. [A] would explode and stamp out of the room. My junior colleagues and I derived a malicious pleasure from watching him. . . .

"To refute [the charge] completely [our engineer goes on], I should get testimonials from everyone I have known in my entire life, but then there would be no room in your files for all the papers and I could never make your ten-day deadline [in which to file his answer]. Therefore, I have singled out the sole episode that I can recollect which could possibly have resulted in the charges against me, and have concentrated my reply on that. If this misses the mark I sincerely urge you to give me some clue as to time and place so that I can prepare a refutation which will be somewhat to the point."

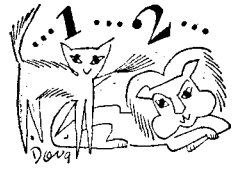
The board cleared him.

A joke is sometimes not a joke. A clerical worker, of Russian birth and with a foreign accent, whose father had been tortured by the Cheka and whose mother had been killed when she protested the nationalization of their printshop, came to this country and worked for the Government for twenty-six years. Suddenly, last June 1954, he and his wife were suspended. One of the charges against him was that he had made the statement "I am a Communist" to a fellow employe. And he had. He was "the butt of a good deal of jovial ribbing at the office." "Mr. E, a great kidder, said to me, 'You are Shadrakh.' So I am Shadrakh. 'You are a Communist.' I am everything, Shadrakh, Communist, Rasputin, Mishakh, Abednego."

The charges broke him. He resigned, and he had to go to a mental hospital for treatment. His wife, who testified to this conversation from his notes, said that her husband "did not understand American humor."

A second lot of cases rests on the charge that the employe has been a member of a subversive organization, that is, one of those listed as such by the Attorney General, or by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, or by the California Committee on Un-American Activities. In one case it appeared that the Army was combining all three lists. Three of these cases struck me particularly, but perhaps only because I am a lawyer. For in these three cases the subversive organization was the International Workers Order, and the Supreme Court had held that the act of the Attorney General in so listing it was "arbitrary and unauthorized." The Supreme Court decided this in the case of *International Workers Or-*

(*Continued on page* 30)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A GRAB-BAG OF TWOSOMES

Blanche McKeown of Memphis, Tennessee, presents twenty mixed-up pairs of people (plus a few animals), real and imaginary, and asks you to match them up. That's all there is to it, and since the whole business is pretty easy, scoring will be in abeyance this week. Answers on page 23.

1. Addison	( )	Achates	11. Gilbert	( )	the Lion
2. Aeneas	( )	Blondel	12. Hamlet	( )	mehitabel
3. Androcles	( )	Fletcher	13. King Arthur	( )	Oliver
4. archy	( )	Huckleberry Finn	14. Paul	( )	Pythias
5. Beaumont	( )	Joan	15. Penrod	( )	Sam
6. Boswell	( )	Johnson	16. Peter	( )	Sancho Panza
7. Darby	( )	Jonathan	17. Petrarch	( )	Steele
8. Damon	( )	Laertes	18. Richard I	( )	Sullivan
9. David	( )	Launcelot	19. Roland	( )	Virginia
10. Don Quixote	( )	Laura	20. Tom Sawyer	( )	Wendy

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FICTION

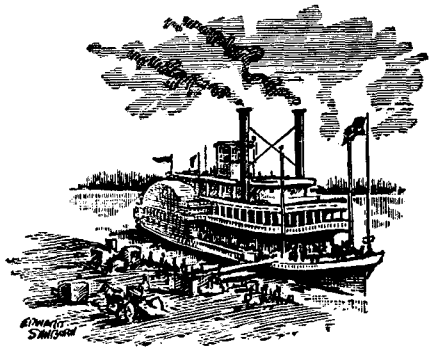
Souls Lost in a Blind Lobby

"Band of Angels," by Robert Penn Warren *(Random House. 357 pp. $3.95), chronicles the life of Amantha Starr, whose fate it was to be raised as a young lady of a Kentucky plantation and then sold down the river as a slave in New Orleans. Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton considers how it fits into the corpus of Warren's work.*

By Carlos Baker

WITH his sixth novel, "Band of Angels," it is clear that one central drive in Robert Penn Warren's career as a writer of fiction is the illumination, through people, of the dark backward and abysm of American time. In "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr," his nonfictional biography, he explored the fanatical darkness of a mind that glimpsed light but could not win it, and thus established a consuming interest that has since sustained him in the study of various other forms of fanaticism. There was, for example, the tobacco war between the fanatics and the compromisers in "Night Rider"; the case of Murdock and his rebellious daughter in "At Heaven's Gate"; the memorable portrait of Willie Stark in "All the King's Men"; the fanatical romanticism of Jeremiah Beaumont in "World Enough and Time"; and the story of the brothers Lewis, nephews of Thomas Jefferson, in "Brother to Dragons," Warren's novel in verse and voices of two years ago.

Each man, he said in the verse-novel, and each woman, too, is lost "in some blind lobby, hall, enclave, crank cul-de-sac, or corridor of Time. Of Time. Or Self. And in that dark no thread." The problem, sooner or later, for all his characters is the location of the thread, the following of that thread out towards whatever light there is. That a band of angels will come in thunder from the stars and carry people forth is unlikely in the extreme. The way out is step by step, with many backslidings.



The blind lobby of self, the Cave of the Ultimate Spleen, is nowhere more apparent in Warren's work than in his latest novel, "Band of Angels," which in its deeper reaches is a parable of slavery and freedom, with a long dark road between the two poles. He tells the highly adventurous life story of Amantha Starr, an orphan of Kentucky, who flourished, if that is the word for it, between 1844 and 1888.

Little Manty spends her motherless childhood on a decaying estate called Starrwood in the country south of Lexington, and her adolescence at a Scripture-reading school in Oberlin, Ohio. Only when her father dies, on the eve of the Civil War, does she discover that her mother was a slave at Starrwood, and that she is therefore a chattel of the estate, to be sold, by her father's creditors, down the river to New Orleans. There she begins a life which spans the fall of that city to Farragut, the corrupt administration of "Beast" Butler, the great war to the north, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, the piteous wandering of the displaced colored refugees, the New Orleans race riots of 1866, and twenty years of married life in St. Louis and sundry small towns in Kansas. What begins, one might say, at something like the level of Tara, the O'Hara plantation in "Gone With the Wind," turns into something like George Washington Cable's "The Grandissimes," and concludes on a note that might be drawn from Hamlin Garland's "A Daughter of the Middle Border." For moods, that is. No "influence" is to be inferred.

AS often happens in Warren, the life of the central character is defined by the people who environ it, governed by a dialectic of half-realized ideas, and dominated at times of crisis by a consuming desire to discriminate truth from error. Amantha will no doubt strike many readers as

THE AUTHOR: For the last couple of decades or so Robert Penn Warren, a Southerner of assorted talents, has convincingly demonstrated that teaching and writing need not get on each other's nerves. Warren, in fact, has been such a dexterous practitioner of both professions that teachers who want to write, but don't, and writers who want to teach, but don't, regard him with despair. Warren has been teaching and writing since the mid-Twenties, when he graduated from Vanderbilt *summa cum laude*, and he hasn't let anything impede his output of students and books. He has taught, to list only a few universities, at Louisiana State, Minnesota, and, since 1950, Yale, where he is a professor of playwriting. He teaches The 47 Workshop course. His writing has come to about half a dozen novels, three volumes of poetry, and a collection of short stories. Textbooks will not be gone into here. Warren's unhurried prose—"I like to take my novels slowly," he remarked the other afternoon—has the critics exuding praise, though they occasionally scold him for camouflaging lending-library plots in some of the most powerful writing around. Warren, unfazed, goes right on writing, winning fellowships, awards, and prizes. "All the King's Men" won a Pulitzer in 1947. Several of his novels are the products of a striking ability to mine scattered areas of horror in American history. "World Enough and Time" is rooted in an 1826 Kentucky murder, and "Band of Angels" in a pre-Civil War incident. "I don't regard myself as a historical novelist," Warren said positively. "I just happened to encounter stories that had the right germ of an idea for a novel. I should hope that the historical novel would be a way of saying something about the present." He felt like going on chatting, but there was a cheerful din in his converted barn in Fairfield, Conn. Carpenters were pounding, and children were shouting. The Warrens—she is Eleanor Clark, the writer—have two children—Rosana, who is two years old, and Gabriel Penn, who was born only a few weeks ago. Mother and child are doing fine. —BERNARD KALB.

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too much of a pawn, more sinned against than sinning, but a kind of waif-wife, with the waif's self-pity and half-clinging dependence. The shape of her life is drawn by the men who own her, in the various meanings of ownership—no band of angels, certainly, except in the most ironic sense, yet the means by which her waifism is stiffened and saved until she can discriminate her truth from her error and be born into life. Which is to say, into freedom: the good air at the mouth of the cavern.

Yet each of Amantha's "angels" is enslaved, too, awaiting the moment of egress, the mind-born conviction that one is at liberty to take action for good or ill, for ill or good, but in any case with free choice. Her father, Aaron Starr, to take the first example, conceived the child on the body of the slave Renie. He thinks that by raising Amantha as a lady he can deliver her from the bonds of her origin. But the solace he seeks with Miss Idell, whose name is almost a pun, is the very means by which his impoverishment becomes inevitable so that when he dies his daughter's bonds are riveted the more firmly. Or there is Seth Parton, Amantha's dour and pietistic Oberlin sweetheart, slave to the doctrine of self-sanctification, whose ultimate release, again through Miss Idell, comes in slashing cold-eyed financiering, the making of a fortune in the Chicago grain-market.

The forms human bondage may take are legion. The assumed name of Hamish Bond of New Orleans, Amantha's owner, protector, and lover, might also be a pun. His bondage to the past, which comes out in a horrific, bloody, nightmarish, half-cynical flashback to the days when he traded for slaves in the Congo, is only to be expiated now by a kindness so calmly powerful that it overruns him like a disease. Another disease, a form of social narcissism, besets Tobias Sears, the handsome young Union captain and idealistic disciple of Massachusetts transcendentalism, who marries Amantha Starr in a mixture of noble motives. His bondage is to his own sense of magnanimity. For if Bond had kindness like a disease, Sears had nobility like an epidemic.

If this is not Warren's best novel, a guerdon I would still reserve for "All the King's Men," it is a good book on a serious and important subject, giving another thematic emphasis to his perennial preoccupation: the perils of self-deception in the blind lobby of self. Freedom—from what? For what? These questions are as important as ever in the affairs of men. Warren offers a variety of applicable answers.

TV God in Focus

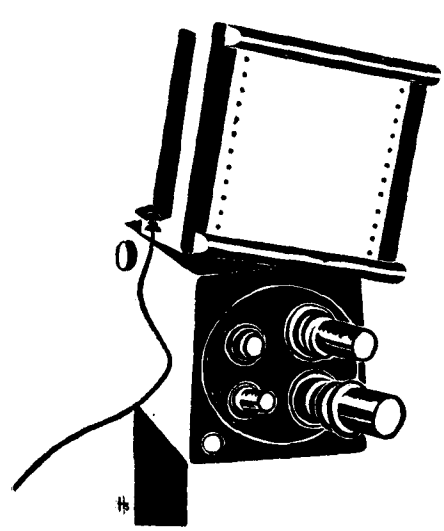
***"The Great Man," by Al Morgan** (E. P. Dutton. 317 pp. $3.50), is a devastating fictional inquiry into the private life of a man who was worshipped by millions as a sweet and lovable radio and TV character. Just who could the author have in mind?*

By Allen Churchill

THROUGH the centuries fiction writers have been fascinated by women of the streets and—only a degree less—by the man without heart or conscience, in our time called the heel, louse, or bum. Latest to tackle the type is TV producer-writer Al Morgan, who in his first novel, "The Great Man," does not stray from his chosen industry. His main character (one could never say hero) is named Herb Fuller. On radio homespun, lovable, ever-relaxed Herb amassed a following of fifteen million and with the advent of TV added millions more, to become (with the Fuller Family) the medium's Great Man.

But the Great Man enjoys driving fast cars faster and rubs himself out against a Connecticut hillside. Quickly grabbing an ambitious young radio gabber named Ed Harris as his successor, the network sets him to preparing a Herb Fuller Memorial Hour. Then the fun—and the book—begins.

Herb Fuller, it seems, was a guy who could make millions choke while reading a prayer over the air, but while doing it he made obscene gestures with his hands. He delighted in skirting obscenity, becoming "smuttier and smuttier on the air, and strangely enough the people who loved his sermons and hymns loved this too." He was also a lush, a sadist, and a satyr, who availed himself of all his pretty young girl assistants. Says one associate interviewed by Ed Harris, "He could take words, roll them over those cockeyed tonsils of his, and make people believe they were listening to something important or profound." Another calls him Peck's Bad Choir Boy, to make the understatement of all time. Everyone interviewed for the Memorial Hour expresses the belief that someone must have tinkered with Herb's car to make it drive into that hill.



—Jacket design for "The Great Man."

"... the iron fist ... the velvet glove."

BUT instead of writing a whodunit, Mr. Morgan is content to keep his novel a who-is-it, and everyone familiar with radio, TV, or the headlines will have his guess as to who Herb is. He's more than slightly patterned after one entertainment figure who, like Herb, "used to hold the kids up to ridicule on the air. You could see the iron fist slipping out of the velvet glove. . . . He got petulant and nasty."

What's more surprising than the obviousness of Herb Fuller is the fact that Mr. Morgan also manages to make him fascinating. As evidence of the true Herb piles up (in interviews cleverly managed by the TV-wise author), the reader, like those millions of listeners, is pulled into Herb's web. "Which came first, the celebrity or the bastard?" one character wonders.

Asks his pretty pony-tail secretary, "What was there about him that made it necessary for him to sleep with all the women he had around him and beat the hell out of the ego of all the men?" You wonder too, and though Mr. Morgan comes up with no answers the surface portrait he paints is absorbing. So are the other characters, especially the girls and Sid, the Madison Avenue talker. Only in Ed Harris does Mr. Morgan fail to tie up his package. Ed is as weak as a sugary ending on a realistic TV script. First, his status is always difficult to figure, for he seems to be little more than a disc jockey, and since when have deejays been told to research and write hour-long programs? Then, in an effort to make him likable, Mr. Morgan has diluted his brash personality. In life Ed would fight as hard as Herb Fuller for the main chance. Too bad Mr. Morgan doesn't let him.

But in Herb Fuller the author has his character. Herb has tremendous shock value, but beyond that he's also believable. Somehow you feel he could exist. TV, anyone?

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The Spell of Gunner's

"The Stepmother," by R. C. Hutchinson *(Rinehart. 310 pp. $3.50), by the author of "Elephant and Castle," tells of the efforts of a second wife to build a bridge of understanding between her husband and his son.*

By Edmund Fuller

PROBLEMS of the true self, its discovery and its liberation from constricting bonds, underlie R. C. Hutchinson's new novel, "The Stepmother." These Mr. Hutchinson handles with his customary practised skill and penetrating perception. In its unfolding story it prompts the reader, accustomed to many of the situation cliches of current fiction, to anticipate developments. Hutchinson's taste is such that he never fulfils an obvious expectation.

Catherine de Lauzun, a Canadian, approaching middle age, is secretary to Lawrence Ashland, a restrained British civil servant of some rank involved in international work concerning DPs. He is a widower. Catherine is taken by surprise when, in Geneva, he proposes to her. It seems a last door opening to her. Both recognize the union as essentially a marriage of quiet, companionable accommodation.

When she is ensconced in Gunner's, his English home, she finds it a place dominated by the spell, tradition, or legend of Josie, the deceased wife. Josie had been a beauty, but had met with a paralyzing accident, and as a cripple had borne Lawrence two children. Her courage has become a byword.

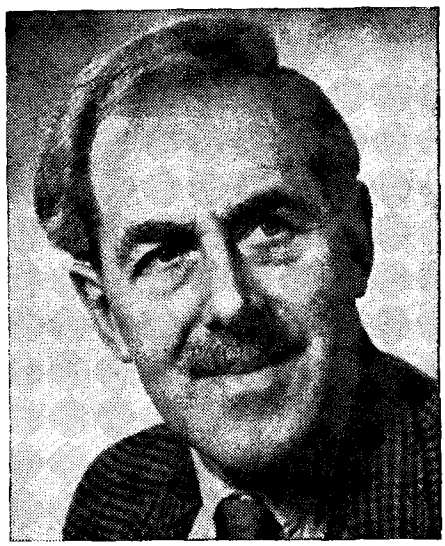
The old English house dominated by the memory of a former wife is the area of threatened cliche. But Mr. Hutchinson has nothing of either the Brontë or Du Maurier type in mind. The focus of Catherine's attention becomes Lawrence's strangely withdrawn son, Stephen.

There hangs over this young man a shadow from his army career in World War II. He shot a fellow officer under circumstances complex enough to result only in his washing out of the service. Between Stephen and his father there is no bridge. Catherine sets about in good faith to construct such a bridge and finds herself involved in conflicts more tangled than she had known. Not the least of the problems is the strange marriage Stephen is about to contract under compulsive motivations.

By a slow peeling back of layers, working particularly through the period of a critical illness of Stephen's, Mr. Hutchinson explores the nature of Josie. It is no female villain he proposes to disclose to us, *à la* "Rebecca." There was indeed something valiant and fine in her. Yet the necessities of her own physically crippled ordeal had led her to lay potentially psychically crippling bonds upon her children and husband. She could not tolerate the acknowledgment of pain or suffering. Her daughter, Patricia, had fought clear of her, but upon Stephen, in his time of crisis, his mother's contempt for a show of weakness had been devastating.

Before we are through Catherine has managed to obtain releases of different kinds not only for Stephen and Lawrence, but also for herself. The processes by which Mr. Hutchinson achieves this are founded on depth characterization and a rich understanding of human emotional entanglements.

"The Stepmother" is a novel of quiet containment, compared to the broader turbulence of his "Elephant and Castle," but it should speak directly to many readers and serves to enlarge Hutchinson's body of consistently distinguished work.



R. C. Hutchinson—"penetrating perception."

Notes

LETTERS FROM A CONVERT: In **"The Bond and the Free"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) Charles Dunscomb uses the device of letters to retell by indirection the story of Christ's ministry, death, and resurrection, and of the years of the young Church up to Nero's time. A young Roman woman, niece of Pilate's wife, writes to a friend in Rome of her experiences in the remote and strange land of the Jews. The events which she relates are at first impersonal and of merely exotic interest. By degrees, however, we observe her involvement in what she has witnessed and encountered, until we find her writing as a devoted Christian.

As a first novel, I believe, it shows authentic gifts and less than finished skill. Being notably brief, it makes several abrupt leaps in its chronology from which the story unquestionably suffers, and the letter form, unvaried by any relief, even by a group of supposed recipients, becomes monotonous and thin.

Nevertheless, there are good moments in it. In spite of the relaxed modern idioms in which he couches Lavinia's letters Dr. Dunscomb creates effective scenes of ancient Judaea and the Roman rule. Real devotees of this quasi-Biblical narrative will be interested, and it is consistently on a superior level of taste, restraint, and intelligence. —E. F.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS: Monica Dickens has a depressing tale to tell about three daughters and their mother in **"The Winds of Heaven"** (Coward-McCann, $3.50). With the death of the girls' father the mother, Louise, becomes the unwilling and unwanted ward of her offspring. She grows increasingly desperate until an equally depressing but kindly and gentle old man asks her to marry him. The novel ends with the daughters, after a catastrophe caused by their neglect and indifference, suddenly mortified by their behavior.

Monica Dickens has written eight novels and is the granddaughter of Charles Dickens. Neither the experience nor the heredity seems to have enabled her to produce exceptional work. Her characters are plausible enough, but the book is as sordid as her forebear's without his brutal social satire, relieving comic sense, or that vast compassion which moves us yet, a century after the situations he described have become archaic. There are a few scenes in "The Winds of Heaven," at a seaside resort, that are exceptionally well done; everything flares into life, and our passions are engaged. But on the whole one can't care too much for these people; they are not so much good or wicked as dull. —Dachine Rainer.

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A Chancellor's Conclusions

"World Indivisible," by Konrad Adenauer *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Harper. 128 pp. $2.75), is a collection of addresses delivered by the West German Chancellor which throws light on his concept of Europe and his nation's role in it. It is reviewed below by President George N. Shuster of Hunter College, who served as post-war Land Commissioner for Bavaria.*

By George N. Shuster

A MARKED change has taken place in American comment on Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who has guided the West German Republic to its present position in the family of nations. Six or seven years ago he was still pretty generally the "old fox." Today he is rather affectionately referred to as the "old man," unless indeed he be not, as President Eisenhower has said, "one of the great statesmen of the world." A book which enabled one to see clearly what Dr. Adenauer's conceptions of life and society have been, and how they are reflected in his thinking about the present and the future, would at this time assuredly be interesting and significant. "World Indivisible" is more modest in scope and intention.

The editors have assembled, unfortunately without indicating when and where they were delivered, a number of the Chancellor's addresses made during the six years which have elapsed since the establishment of the Bonn Republic. One or the other of these, notably "Europe: Past, Present, and Future," are major programmatic statements, while others are more episodic in character. Nevertheless, while they are not in translation masterpieces of the art of oratorical presentation they will enable the reader to see what the secret of the Chancellor's great strength is. He has a clear-cut program of action which he sets forth with lucid persuasiveness and tenacity. He also voices a sincere idealism rooted in profound religious conviction. Without that idealism, one may add, the program could not have enlisted the support it has received in Germany.

Essentially he has committed his country to the concept of an integrated Europe, and the logic with which he has advocated this is irrefutable, even though it has seemed at times that logic might not determine the march of events. As a consequence of two fateful wars the Continent is so weak that if it persists in its divisions no part of it can insure the safety of its own citizens. United, however, in a military and economic sense, Europe will not only eliminate any possibility of future internecine strife between its member states but will constitute a "third power" which, by reason of the fact that it would be in a fearfully exposed position in case a war fought with atomic weapons were to break out, could be a mighty factor in the maintenance of peace. Not to seek this unity in a military as well as a social and cultural sense would mean continuing to foster the Russian belief that a combination of patience and pressure will result in the crumbling off of parts of the West and their absorption into the Communist sphere of influence. To talk of the "neutralization" of Germany is therefore absurd. For the only way in which that neutrality could be assured would be by treaty, and a variety of totalitarian governments have shown what they think of "scraps of paper."

In other addresses Dr. Adenauer clearly indicates what have been two causes for concern, and comes to optimistic conclusions about them. The first is the fear that Nazism may rear its fearsome head in Germany again, and this he has pretty generally laid to rest perhaps as much through his own faith in the German people as through any other means. The second has been anxiety lest the United States withdraw from Europe; and he has done all he possibly could to allay that fear in his own country and to stimulate continuing American interest.

The introduction, by Dr. Ernest Jackh, is rather slight and, unfortunately, does not help greatly to place Dr. Adenauer's views in their proper historical perspective. Since this little book is Volume Five in a series entitled World Perspectives there is also a quite thoughtful and stimulating foreword by the editor, Ruth Nanda Anshen.

—From "The Rhine."
". . . cleft in the surface of Europe."

Historic River

"The Rhine," by Felizia Seyd *(Doubleday. 288 pp. $5), is a journey down one of the world's great rivers, conducted by a writer of learning and wit. It is reviewed below by Arthur Settel, executive staff member of the CBS Public Affairs Department, author of "This Is Germany" and other books.*

By Arthur Settel

THE turbulent waters that have fashioned the history of millions of people living in northwestern Europe since time immemorial and whose harsh, impatient headstreams cast an influence upon affairs and men thousands of miles from them are the subject of Felizia Seyd's "The Rhine." Miss Seyd has written a good book, rich with lore and learning, laden with legend and all sorts of odd bits of information. It is written with deep and abiding affection for the cities and towns, and their inhabitants, and above all for the river, that cleft in the surface of Europe which has separated East and West with a finality no statesman has been able to bridge, not to the present day.

"The Rhine" is neither a history nor a travel guide, yet it has the advantages of both. It is a slow journey from the river's points of origin deep in the heart of the Grisons, along a northerly course of some 850 miles

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The Rhine as seen from Speyer Cathedral's towers.

Statue of medieval knight from Bamberg cathedral.

Heligoland fisherman's wife and her fancy bonnet.

Bronze bird stands atop fountain in city of Goslar.

GERMANY AT ITS BEST: It can hardly be denied that of all the countries of Europe none has produced better photographers than has Germany. It can also hardly be denied that these photographers have had excellent subject matter with which to work, as is shown by the photographs above and at right, all of which come from a new book to be published on September 1 which is called **"Germany: The South, the West and the North"** (Crowell, $8.50). A companion volume to a picture book of the central and eastern sections of that country not yet published in this country, most of the book is filled with handsome full-page photographs of German arts and architectures, including the baroque beauties of such palaces as that at Wurzburg, the gable houses of towns like Melsungen, castles on the Rhine, and barns in the Black Forest. The book was originally published by Germans for Germans, and as such it gives a highly idealized interpretation of their country's beauty—but a beauty which Americans will find it hard to deny as they leaf the book's 200-odd pages.

from its mountain source to Basel, from Basel to Cologne, and from Cologne through the Netherlands to the sea.

And what a journey it is! Replete with unforgettable vignettes of the folk who people the villages and towns along its uneven course; studded with gems drawn from the traditions that are cherished by prince and pauper alike; alive with stories of fortune and misfortune, war and peace, famine and plenty.

The book has an immediacy and timeliness induced by the writer's flair for word pictures. Here are two samples (the book is full of them, and it is difficult to choose):

> The streets of Andeer are narrow and crooked, but the old gabled houses have a new coat of paint and are neat and clean, inside and out. An air of contentment and innocence hangs over the tiny valley and whatever specters of the past there may be, they fail to appear in broad daylight. The soil is old and yields its secrets piecemeal. . . .
>
> The bus which has brought you from Buchs to Vaduz continues to Balzers, a village, or town, if you like, at the country's southwestern end. It takes you through a lovely, parkline landscape, past meadows and fields and red-roofed villages, with side roads leading uphill to various pleasant summer resorts. Far overhead are beautifully forested crests rising to seven thousand feet, with paths leading over into Austria.
>
> The bus driver, a pleasant-spoken, cheerful fellow, points out the high spots, a castle ruin, a convent, a school, a sanatorium up in the hills, or simply the fine line of a trail disappearing into the forest.
>
> "Good country for smugglers," he adds with a grin, and you agree with him in view of the country's limited police force. Within less than an hour you are back on Swiss soil, at Trubach, a small railroad station, opposite Balzers where you wait for your train back to Buchs. The driver, who must return to Vaduz, shakes hands with you and is sorry to see you go.

The book takes its place with such fine works as Emil Ludwig's "The Nile," and the Rivers of America Series. It helps toward an understanding of the nations through whose terrain the Rhine courses on its tortuous way. The knowledge packed between its covers becomes essential to anyone wishing to know the motivations in the history of France and Germany, past, present, and future.

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Splenetic Dynast

"The Kaiser: A Life of Wilhelm II, Last Emperor of Germany," by Joachim von Kuerenberg *(translated by H. T. Russell and Herta Hagen. Simon & Schuster. 461 pp. $5), is the work of a man who knew him well during his years of exile. Paul Seabury, our reviewer, is assistant professor of political science at the University of California and author of "The Wilhelmstrasse: A Study of German Diplomats Under the Nazi Regime."*

By Paul Seabury

THE long years which Kaiser Wilhelm II spent in exile at Doorn, his noisy and splenetic career behind him, were lived discreetly in the quiet of his home. Considering his earlier reputation it seems odd that he kept as much to himself as he did. But with so little of personal satisfaction to look back upon the aging former monarch chose rather to occupy himself with esoteric subjects far removed from the memories of Wilhelmine Germany: composing and publishing elaborate historical tables, monographs on Doric and Mesopotamian antiquities, and studies of Chinese symbolism. His one systematic try at autobiography—"Aus meinem Leben"—proved to be hardly more than tedious childhood recollections. It may be preferable (as the recent memoirs of Herbert Hoover would suggest) that embittered men whose lives have come to be identified with great national catastrophes should follow a policy of taciturnity if the only alternative is published recrimination.

But the Kaiser, fortunately, chose a third alternative, in encouraging the late Joachim von Kuerenberg to become his quasi-official biographer. The work of this chivalrous East Prussian writer, entitled "The Kaiser," has now been translated into English after fifteen years, and manages with great perceptiveness to paint an absorbing and sympathetic picture of its subject, without losing sight of those arrogant, inconstant, and pretentious qualities which proved ultimately to be the Kaiser's undoing.

Reading Kuerenberg's biography, one again is impressed with the way in which this last of the Hohenzollern rulers became so disastrously representative—not of the narrow, simple Prussian conservatism to which his grandfather had remained loyal, but of that dangerous synthesis of Prussian militarism and middle-class chauvinism which set the tone of pre-World War I German culture. The Hohenzollerns until his time had been contemptuous both of Bismarck's synthetic Germanic "unity" and of "picking up the crown from the gutter" and thus identifying dynasty with nation. But with what enthusiasm did Wilhelm II seize upon these legacies of Bismarck and further exploit them to assuage his own emotional needs!

Wilhelm had many unstable characteristics (products, as Kuerenberg suggests, not only of a mortifying withered arm, but of the childhood trauma of an unloving family) which came to be emulated by his own camarilla, by a generation of Reserve Officers, and to be praised by clergy and publicists alike. We shall never know how greatly and tragically these traits served to intensify the vanity and braggadocio of an already intemperate bourgeois nation. But this vivid and masterful portrait itself is far more suggestive about this matter than the author, himself emotionally attached to this era and its values, would probably have admitted. (When, for example, the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*, at the turn of the century, reported that the "All-Highest Sovereigns betook themselves to the cathedral to return thanks to the Highest" Kuerenberg observes that no one in Berlin turned a hair.) This book serves amply to demonstrate the fragile platform of gaudy optimism and pretentiousness upon which the Hohenzollern dynasty stood as symbol of unity in a disunited Empire.

Although the author modestly eschewed the broader task of "historical judgment" his closeness to the Kaiser and a regrettable absence of footnotes and sources make it occasionally difficult for the reader to disentangle Kuerenberg's own errors of interpretation and fact from those of the Kaiser himself. Thus, for example, the unrectified vicious picture painted by the Kaiser's mother (the daughter of Queen Victoria), whom the Kaiser so distrusted for pro-English sympathies that he held her virtually a prisoner on the death of his father, Frederick III, lest she escape to England with state secrets. Yet on the whole the judgments of the Kaiser and his contemporaries seem accurate, fair, and charitable: for it was Goethe's recipe of "love and seriousness" as the justification for writing the life of a human being, and not cold, "disinterested" analysis, which Kuerenberg adopted.

—*From the book.*

Kaiser Wilhelm—"arrogant, inconstant."

Passive Moneybags

HITLER AND THE TYCOONS: In analyzing the relation of Hitler to German industry in **"Tycoons and Tyrant: German Industry from Hitler to Adenauer"** (Henry Regnery, $5) Louis P. Lochner insists that the tyrant was bad, but the tycoons were pretty good in a passive sort of way, sinning rarely and then only "by omission." To refute the old cliché that Hitler was the tool of big business may be a useful exercise, somewhat like beating a dead horse. Mr. Lochner, who for fourteen years was chief of the Berlin Bureau of the A.P., goes further and tries to clear them of complicity in preparing for war and in exploiting slave labor. He rests his case on his many interviews with industrialists after 1945, and slights the documentary evidence assembled by the prosecutors for the several war crimes trials. But then "some of these young [American] interrogators were leftists, 'pinkos' and worse," and their evidence, it seems, is less trustworthy than the recollections of the politically correct Krupps.

Mr. Lochner explains a good deal of Nazism by analogy and exonerates much of it by attacking non-Nazis. But it is not true that Hitler triumphed because "the cry for a change in Germany was not very different from the cry for a change in the United States which in 1932 brought to the fore a Franklin D. Roosevelt and in 1952 a Dwight D. Eisenhower." The Germans, to be sure, were not collectively guilty, but they were not innocent by analogy either, and we should do nothing to encourage the articulate amnesia current in Germany today. —FRITZ STERN.

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NAVIGATORS

The Quest for a New World

***"Christopher Columbus, Mariner," by Samuel Eliot Morison** (Little, Brown. 224 pp. $3.75), a short biography of one of the greatest seamen of all time, crowns a lifetime of work by one of the greatest naval historians of our time. Professor Richard S. West, Jr., of the U. S. Naval Academy, considers Morison and his work*

By Richard S. West, Jr.

IN A neat and thoroughly enjoyable little book called "Christopher Columbus, Mariner" Professor Samuel E. Morison has rewritten for a wider audience his "Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus," which won a Pulitzer prize in 1942. The new book is serene, contemplative, Indian-summerish in mood.

Omitted are the scholarly controversies. Anyone interested in them may consult the extended original, two-volume edition of 1942 with footnotes. Omitted, too, are many pages of background, useful as history but not strictly pertaining to Columbus the individual.

Although the story of Columbus has been streamlined, the job has been thoughtfully and skilfully managed. The familiar essentials are all here: Columbus's great idea to reach the East by sailing westward across the "Ocean Sea," his appearances at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, the first voyage with Columbus's falsification of the sailing record to ward off discontent among his crew, the first landfall on San Salvador at 2 A.M. on October 12, 1492; the discovery of magnificent scenery, "Golden Age" natives, and just enough gold to persuade the Spanish monarchs to support a colonizing effort; the later voyages with detailed explorations of West Indian islands and sectors of the Spanish Main, early attempts to exploit the natives, shipwrecks, mutinies, and for the dreamer Columbus ever the unflagging hope of finding a through channel to the wealth of Asia.

Morison uses broad strokes of the brush to bring the man Columbus poignantly into focus. His mistakes and bad luck as a businessman, his poor judgment as colonial governor, his religious piety, his pedantic insistence upon the letter of his legal agreements serve to give depth to the portrait. But what the author particularly lifts to the front in this popular treatment is Columbus's qualities as a seaman.

At thirty-two this cartographer and master mariner in the Portuguese merchant service had sailed from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, from the Aegean to the Azores. Accepting Alfragan, a ninth-century Moslem geographer, rather than Ptolemy of Alexandria, and misreading Alfragan, Columbus decided that a degree of longitude measured forty-five nautical miles. On this basis he underestimated the size of the world by about 25 per cent. From the Canaries to Japan he figured the distance at 2,400 miles, whereas the actual airline distance is 10,600 miles. In driving his little caravels over the ocean Columbus covered as much as 198 miles a day. Once for five consecutive days he averaged eight knots, "and at times hit it up to eleven knots." "Any yachtsman today would be proud to make the records that the great Admiral did on some of his transatlantic crossings in the fifteenth century." For "dead reckoning," or navigating in bad weather without sun or stars, Columbus is rated by the author as "one of the greatest mariners, if not the very greatest, of all time."

For nearly fifty years Morison, historian and lover of sailing, has pursued Columbus as a hobby. As library-navigator he has pored over the literature of the golden age of oceanic discovery and puzzled over the writings of the great Discoverer, trying to set down on modern plotting boards Columbus's four voyages to America, endeavoring to straighten out the obscurities, errors, inconsistencies, prevarications in the original sources, always with the hope of attaining a better understanding of the great sailor.

AS historian and biographer of Columbus, Morison owes much to his great mentor, Francis Parkman, who taught him to study history by examining pertinent geography at first hand. "A preliminary reconnaissance of the Windward and Leeward Islands in the yawl *Ptarmigan*, in the winter of 1937-1938, acted on me like a fresh wind on a becalmed ship; it pulled me out of the calms and shoals of unprofitable speculation into the clear blue water of practical experience."

Samuel E. Morison—"contemporary flavor."

The Harvard Columbus Expedition was organized the next year to enable Morison to retrace the voyages of Columbus, to check the Discoverer's observations of weather, birds, gulfweed, coastal promontories, and navigational problems of every kind. Apart from being wonderful vacation junkets outside of classroom and library, these trips materially served to take away the smell of the lamp from Morison's definitive biography, "Admiral of the Ocean Sea."

At the outset of World War II Morison conceived the idea of using the techniques of his Columbus research to produce a history of the United States Navy in action. His offer to sail with the ships, interview participants, coordinate the work of a staff of historians, and write the Navy's history both as eyewitness and as trained historian was accepted by President Roosevelt, and the result has been the publication to date of nine of the projected fourteen volumes in the series entitled "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II," a truly fine shelf of volumes on our naval history which won for their author his stars as rear admiral, retired, in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Readers familiar with the naval history series will be pleased to notice in the new book "Christopher Columbus, Mariner" that in Admiral Morison's style a contemporary nautical flavor persists. The storm that Columbus encountered off the Azores, for example, was "full gale strength (force nine to ten on Beaufort scale), and the caravels had to pass through three weather fronts."

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Man at Supersonic Speeds

"The Lonely Sky," by William Bridgeman with Jacqueline Hazard *(Henry Holt. 316 pp. $3.95), is a report on his life by a member of that modern band of intrepid adventurers, the airplane test pilots. Daniel S. Dodson, who reviews it below, flew in the U. S. Air Force during World War II.*

By Daniel S. Dodson

IF YOU have ever glanced up at the pummeled sky and caught sight of a weird, futuristic contour streaking spectacularly ahead of your expectation, and then wondered whose death-urge was showing, "The Lonely Sky" is the book for you. It won't comfort you; it will probably scare you. But it will give you the most vivid account of test-piloting ever written.

This book is the product of a fortunate collaboration between two talents: the flying talent of William Bridgeman and the writing talent of Jacqueline Hazard. Bridgeman took to the air in the early Forties with that generation of young men who became America's air force during World War II. He flew hazardous missions over Kwajalein and Truk with the famous Navy 109th Bombing Squadron, and after the war spent a period flying commercially. But the tedium of airline operations is not for men like Bridgeman. ("*What is the next stop*? The need to 'go' is taking over again.") The need to go took him to Douglas Aircraft Company as a test-pilot in the Navy's relatively benign fighter, the AD, and then in 1949, with one monstrous leap, across a decade into the airplane of tomorrow, the top-secret, experimental Skyrocket, which Douglas was testing for the NACA. The major portion of this book is about Bridgeman and the Skyrocket and their perilous affair in the unknown—the speeds around and beyond Mach 1 (761 mph at sea-level).

Three men had punched through the sound barrier before him, but Bridgeman punches it again and again. He takes the Skyrocket off under its own combined jet-rocket power and exceeds Mach 1. Then, when for reasons of fuel conservation it is decided to carry the Skyrocket to altitude in the incised belly of a B-29, he takes it through again and again and again. The reader wants to shout: Stop it! For God's sake, stop it now. You've spun this thing (the engineers categorically deny that it can be recovered from a spin); while blinded by frost you've come within feet of landing it—dead-stick; you've lived through a fire in the tail-pipe; and you've hung on while this aerodynamic nightmare has clawed through the air at over 1,000 mph. Stop it *now*. There is a whimsical slut called Fortuna who is off in peals of wanton laughter over you. Stop it and raise string beans or sell life insurance.

And, of course, two weeks later he's there again. *Two weeks* to prepare for every flight, representing the concerted effort of thirty technicians, the standby services of a B-29 and crew, $1,000 worth of liquid oxygen and alcohol, and ten years of experimentation, and Bill Bridgeman crawls aft in the belly of the 29 to his $4,000,000 Skyrocket—for *fifteen* minutes of flight, once more calmly, tenaciously trying to hit Mach 2 (around 1,300 mph). Once again he blasts off into that screaming arc with 6,000 pounds of thrust behind him, wobbling in giant, uncontrollable oscillations at certain critical speeds, while 50,000 feet below the engineers are waiting and listening to discover whether calculations they have made are correct. The Skyrocket doesn't quite hit Mach 2, but there is a transcendental moment in the altitude test when Bridgeman and his beast blast over the top at close to 80,000 feet.

After such experience it is remarkable that the collaborators can communicate with the earthbound. But the terse, nervous prose which Miss Hazard has whittled out, disguised with all its deceptively indolent vernacular and its solecisms, inoculates us more certainly than mere eloquence possibly could.

Where can such a book end? The Skyrocket is delivered to NACA, which so far as the reader is concerned may have it. But a photograph and a succinct page or two at the end begin a new story—the X-3, which, palpably, cannot fly. She isn't an airplane. She hasn't enough wing; she's the shocking indiscretion of some demented engineer. And, inevitably, as the book closes Bridgeman is there, checking the cockpit for size and visibility.

A word of advice. Get flat on the ground when you read this book. A hammock is too high.

—*From the book.*

James Cook—"magnificent life."

Discoverer of Romance

"Captain Cook and the South Pacific," by John Gwyther *(Houghton Mifflin. 269 pp. $3.50), recounts the voyage of the* Endeavour, *1768-1771, which added Australia and New Zealand to the British Empire—and established an ever-enduring vogue of coral-reef romance and musical comedy.*

By Wilbur Burton

IT IS quite possible that many young Americans may think that James A. Michener discovered the South Pacific. Or maybe it was Mary Martin as Ensign Nellie Forbush—"Arkansas's own Florence Nightingale." As a matter of fact, Captain James Cook (1728-1779) didn't discover what may be described as the heart of the area, Tahiti, but he endowed it and other Polynesian places with the aura which has hauntingly lingered in such diverse forms as some of Rupert Brooke's poetry, Robert Louis Stevenson's depictions, Herman Melville's "beauteous nymph" Fayaway, Frederick O'Brien's Hinatini ("There was no blemish on her, nor any feature one would alter"), and Michener's Bloody Mary, whose skin was "as tender as DiMaggio's glove."

Historically, also, Captain Cook was a pioneer humanist and hygienist in the days of "wooden ships and iron men"—without refrigeration or antibiotics; the greatest navigator of the eighteenth century, whose observations on the Great Barrier Reef are in the chart-rooms of modern liners traversing Endeavour Straits; and who in the voyage of H.M.S. *Endeavour* casually annexed 3,051,934 square miles of earth (Australia and New

(*Continued on page* 32)

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PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Alone on an Island

One natural result of the open approach of modern medicine to the problems of illness has been a spate of autobiographical books and magazine articles written by handicapped persons. Four recent books of the type are discussed below by Nancy Nickerson, who knows something about the problems of such persons, having herself been severely paralyzed by polio. She sleeps in a rocking bed because of difficulty in breathing and, having no use of her arms, types with her toes.

By Nancy Nickerson

AS A handicapped person myself, I am of the belief that no book on the subject of physical disability can stand alone on its shock value as a horror tale, or alone on its sentimental appeal as an "uplift" story, or alone as a psychological wallowing. I believe that any book which has been graced with covers should stand primarily as a work of art, of valid literary achievement. A handicapped person is in a prime position to be an artist, since he has already been put off by fate on the island of which Anne Morrow Lindbergh writes in "Gift from the Sea."

Certainly Christy Brown, the author of **"My Left Foot"** (Simon & Schuster, $3), lives on a human island as isolated as can be imagined and perhaps it has been his confinement on his island of contemplation which makes his book—among the four most recent books about us—come closest to literary distinction. Until the age of five he had no understandable means of communication with another human being. Spastic with cerebral palsy, the tenth child in the family of a Dublin bricklayer, he was loved and accepted, but isolated.

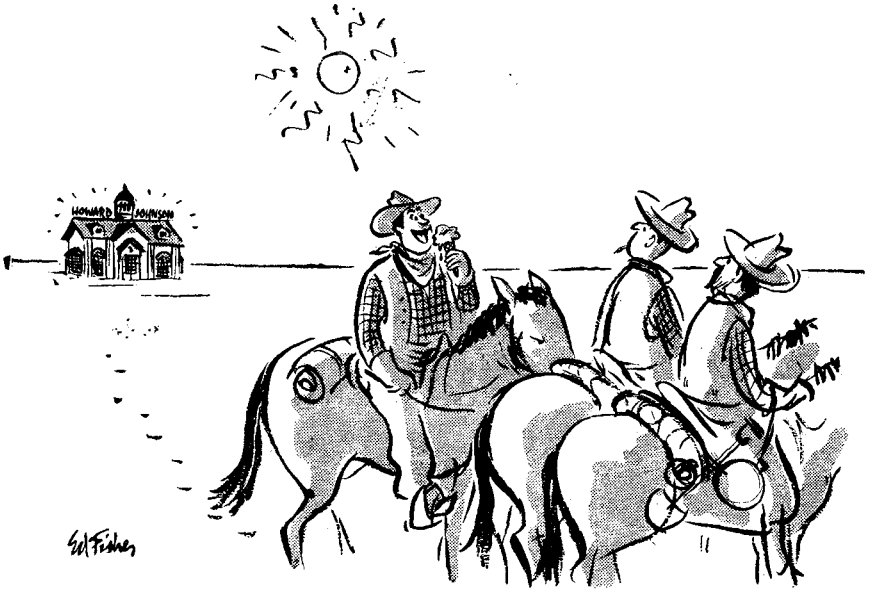
Then suddenly one day he broke from behind his wall. With the toes of his left foot he grabbed a piece of chalk from his brother and as his family watched in awe he copied off the letter A on the chalk board. With his new-found power of control over a single portion of his body—his left foot—he learned to write and became an inveterate painter. He joined his brothers' rollicking life from his little go-car. But when he was eleven the wall closed in again; his go-car broke down and he was left alone in the garden. "I looked down at my hands," he writes, "twisting and twisting."

In sharp, incisive little pictures whole segments of the author's experience are crystallized—his first self-conscious examination of himself in a mirror, the visit of the neighborhood flirt, the pilgrimage to Lourdes, the wedding of his beloved amanuensis. And in the keenness of the feelings he evokes we find how deeply we have lived his life with him.

This ability of Christy Brown to make the reader live his story may be due to the doctor-author to whom Christy turned desperately for help at the age of seventeen. Already the boy who lived in his room in lonely subjectivity had taught himself the difficult techniques of orderly prose construction. Now the doctor taught him to avoid "clichés and purple patches." His hardest task, however, was to wean Christy away from nineteenth-century wordiness which was the natural result of the fact that Dickens's novels were the only books which had ever come his way, and as a result the picture of the clinic for cerebral palsy children writhing on the floor is pure Dickensian imagery, and, to me, the least telling portion of the book. But the miracle of Christy Brown's story is that against the drab and uncreative background of his existence, painting, music, and especially writing, richly feed his extraordinary personality. "If I could not know the joy of dancing," he writes, "I could know the ecstasy of creating." And he has.

In **"Very Much Alive"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) Terry McAdam is suddenly thrown upon the island of isolation in the early prime of his useful and promising life in the intellectual atmosphere of a Midwestern university. Happily married, an eminently well-balanced human being, he meets with a tragic automobile accident which lands him in a bed in a veterans' hospital as a hopeless paraplegic. He meets the challenge of his isolation by trying with stark objectivity to bridge the gulf which divides him from normal living. He quickly identifies himself with the other paraplegics in the hospital ward, who seem to have as their only common support the harsh humor based on disparagement of their physical failings. He gives an almost clinical description of the charnal-house approach to the problems of elimination and sexual impotency. He draws sharp character sketches of patients coping or not coping with these tremendous personal situations. The bitter drunkard, the broken boy carted off to the psychopathic ward, the guileless believer in faith-healing who is ridden by the belief that it is only the inadequacy of his faith that keeps him from wholeness—all these, who have their counterparts everywhere among the severely handicapped, are realistically presented by this honest and objective reporter. He shows, too, the importance of the role of wives in the recovery and adjustment of

(*Continued on page* 33)



"Mirage, eh?"

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France's Decade of Fear

"Captain Dreyfus: The Story of a Mass Hysteria," by Nicholas Halasz *(Simon & Schuster. 274 pp. $3.50), is a retelling of a miscarriage of justice that rocked not only France but the entire Western world a half century ago. It is reviewed below by Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University.*

By Leo Gershoy

IN "Captain Dreyfus: The Story of a Mass Hysteria" Nicholas Halasz has written a remarkably fresh and interesting book on a subject that has been voluminously treated over the years. Without so much as an intimation on his part, his vivid pages on the great miscarriage of justice that rocked the civilized world more than half a century ago can be read as a tract for our times. From a magnificently amassed store of facts that he distributes with generous hand and in a forthright and vigorous style, he tells again the tragic story of *L'Affaire,* from the court martial of 1894 which found the stiff-necked and conventionally respectable Jewish officer, Captain Alfred Dreyfus of the General Staff, guilty of treason through the twelve long years to 1906 when the High Court finally exonerated and vindicated him completely.

Dreyfus is not the central figure. Had he not been Dreyfus he would have been the first among the anti-Dreyfussards. With that old judgment Mr. Halasz is in full accord, quoting Clemenceau's bitter jibe that the victim of the case was the only one who did not understand it and agreeing also with the Tiger's comment that it was better that way. "What we want," he said, "is not the salvation of one individual but the deliverance of all." Nor is the central theme the complex and bewildering machinations of out-and-out scoundrels like Esterhazy and Henry, and the trimmers, complaisant and cowardly men by the thousands who contrived the frame-up and got themselves hopelessly involved in a tangle of lies, forgeries, and mutual suspicions. It is through the contrast between their unholy doings and the tenacious courage and heroism of Dreyfus's defenders—Picquart, Scheurer-Kestner, Zola, Clemenceau, Anatole France, and myriad lesser figures—that he develops his principal theme, The Story of a Mass Hysteria.

In the elaboration of that theme lies the originality and the value of Mr. Halasz's study. Briefly stated, his thesis is the following: France, the home of reason, went out of her mind in examining the question of Dreyfus's innocence or guilt. Normal life stopped; the nation came to the brink of anarchy. Frenchmen had no time, thought, or passion for every-day affairs; life consisted in turning the pages of the newspapers (and what newspapers!) that rang the changes on Dreyfus's infamy and the international Syndicate of Jews and Protestants behind him. The nation's moral decay was complete as sinister forces, anti-Semites, integral nationalists, monarchists, officers, and lay Catholics, swindled and terrified the multitude and imposed upon the people a merciless conformity of prejudice and hate. "Contemporaries," writes the author, "estimated the number of dissenters at about 1 per cent of the population."

ALTHOUGH the estimate is impressionistic and the picture of the nation's paralysis need not be read literally, the truth was horrible and tragic enough. And with the author's massive proof of organized coercion and sporadic, vicious conspiracies to overthrow the Government there can of course be no fundamental disagreement. Disagreement there can be, nevertheless, over his evaluation, not of the fact of hysteria but of the taproots and elements of the new Great Fear. To be sure, Mr. Halasz is aware of the frustration of the masses and he writes on more than one page of their fears of a new German invasion and their passion to prevail over it when it came. He has valuable pages on the scandal of the Panama Canal, the swindle of the sale of nominations to the Legion of Honor, and the humiliation of the Fashoda incident. In the main, however, his emphasis falls upon the sinister forces, "the permanently organized corruptive geniuses of monarchy, nobility, church, and army"—the phrase is William James's—that for sordid purposes of their own penetrated into the ranks of the highest and the lowest.

But is not the point that those conspiracies, that that propaganda and that studied, cruel coercion, however organized, fell upon prepared soil? The willingness to make Dreyfus and the Jews the villains and the scapegoats existed; fear and hysteria were potentials of people's behavior before *L'Affaire* came into being. The roots of hysteria were there to be watered. It was less overwhelming faith in the army and the state than an attenuated confidence that predisposed the population, learned and untutored alike, to swallow the poison of the conspirators; it was the frustration created by the spectacle of a republic that made a mockery of their faith in their heritage and the erosion in 1870 of the myth of an invincible army.

Light and Shadow

By Jesse Stuart

INVISIBLE hands are now dispersing dew
On morning-glory bell and butter-cup,
Long, unseen arms extend across wind-blue
To gather all the jewel dewdrops up.
The spiders' silver strands in homes respun
From seeded crabgrass stem to bullgrass blade,
Must give their decorations to the sun,
Return the gifts that silent night has made.
And unseen fingers on these hands have found
The baby-handed moles that love the night
And sent them back to holes deep underground.
Moles' little half-eyes were not made for light.
Invisible hands of light have found their own,
Dewdrop and mole and silver strand and flower,
Dispersed of all the darkness night has sown . . .
Light over darkness has a final power.

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Trusted Minister

***"Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth," by Conyers Read** (Alfred A. Knopf. 510 pp. $7.95), is a study of William Cecil and the nature of his complex and elusive relationship with his Queen, Elizabeth I. Professor Garrett Mattingly of Columbia University, our reviewer, is the author of "Renaissance Diplomacy."*

By Garrett Mattingly

OF ALL the brilliant figures who crowded the court of Elizabeth I none seemed more significant at the time or has bulked larger since than William Cecil. As the Queen's first Principal Secretary and then as Lord Burghley, her Treasurer, he was, for forty years, Elizabeth's most diligent and trusted counselor, and came to be as nearly Prime Minister as the structure of Tudor politics and the temperament of his mistress would allow. Queen and minister worked so closely together that a line between their actions is hard to draw. As a ruler, it has been well said, "Elizabeth was herself and Cecil."

It is the stranger, therefore, that although the books about the Virgin Queen and her times would fill, by now, a large library, there has never been an even halfway satisfactory biography of her chief minister. Admittedly the subject is difficult. Cecil was so close to the throne and so busy with its interests that an account of his public career would be almost a history of his England. And public cares so absorbed him that he scarcely seems to have had a private life. Moreover, Cecil was, like his mistress, an elusive character. But while Elizabeth's elusiveness has the fascination of the way of a serpent in the grass or a humming bird in the air, Cecil's has the cold slipperiness of an iceberg. It is easy to see why biographers have preferred (as the Queen herself once did in her hours of relaxation) lesser but more entertaining men. Elizabeth, however, knew Cecil's value, and the lack of a serious biography of him has long been strange and exasperating.

No living historian is better equipped to write such a biography than Conyers Read. Thirty years ago his monumental three volumes about Francis Walsingham, Cecil's successor as Principal Secretary, placed Read among the first rank of Tudor scholars. His subsequent books have confirmed that position, and for years he has been working through the mass of documents which once passed under Cecil's eye and pen. He has now published a study of the character and growth in public service of William Cecil which, within its range, is definitive. Nobody will ever feel that this particular job needs to be done again.

As its title suggests, "Mr. Secretary and Queen Elizabeth" is not a complete biography. It stops about 1570, before Cecil was created Lord Burghley or replaced as secretary by Walsingham; thus it covers only the first fifty years of Cecil's life and the first eleven or so of his service to Elizabeth I. Even within this compass, though it is a long book, it is highly selective. Its object is not to rewrite Tudor history, but "to reveal William Cecil" and the nature of his partnership with his Queen. The revelation unfolds through the accumulation of small details based on the documents. But if Read traces painstakingly the daily course of Cecil's negotiations at Edinburgh, it is not because those negotiations were fascinating in themselves and important for English history, though they were, but because the record enables the reader to grasp, almost without prompting, the style of the negotiator. And if, elsewhere, Read fixes attention mainly on the successive crises of foreign policy, it is because it was in the shared perplexities and perils of that first and most dangerous decade of her reign that the Queen and her minister came to understand and trust each other, and so perfected that baffling teamwork which brought England through so many dangers.

Since a new book by Conyers Read is always something to look forward to, one may hope that he will give us, in another volume, the rest of Cecil's career. But with this volume the main evidence is in. William Cecil comes out perhaps no abler a statesman than one had thought but a better man, essentially honest, loyal, trustworthy. Elizabeth trusted him because she recognized his qualities. And they were able to work together in spite of differences in temperaments and views because, although cold-hearted persons, they both valued England above everything, even personal safety and pride. Behind this simple conclusion lies a convincing weight of impeccable scholarship.

Justice to Evil

NOTORIOUS FAMILY: The legend of the Borgias has had a long head start over sober fact, and the well-known French historian J. Lucas-Dubreton's new account of them in **"The Borgias"** (Dutton, $4.95) will not uproot the legend, but it may reduce the monsters of fable to more human proportions. M. Lucas-Dubreton agrees that many of the charges against them are solid enough. That Lucrezia, for example, participated in some less-than-delicate spectacles arranged by her father, M. Lucas-Dubreton does not deny. But he is loath to accept the charges of incest, and on the whole he concludes that she was probably no better and no worse than the other fine ladies of her age. Cesare gets less sympathetic treatment: an able administrator in matters of detail, a brave leader who commanded the loyalty of his men, Cesare was also brutal and ruthless, a killer-type who was lusting for power and who was high-handed and vindictive in prosperity and irresolute and fumbling in adversity. Of them all, however, it is Alexander, who became Pope Alexander VI, who holds the center of M. Lucas-Dubreton's stage, and it is obvious that the author has a sneaking admiration for this old voluptuary. Alexander, according to M. Lucas-Dubreton, was a sensualist of unbridled appetite, of greed and guile which were outstanding even in that age of treachery. He was a true believer after his fashion—but the fashion was hardly becoming to the head of the Church. On the other hand, M. Lucas-Dubreton finds in him an intelligence and a political vision which made him an excellent administrator, and most of all he sees that Alexander was intensely human, being gay and jovial and indulgent toward frailties of the flesh. All in all, M. Lucas-Dubreton seems to feel that the Borgias were evil enough in their own right without having to carry the weight of all the additional accusations that irresponsible gossip of the day hurled at them and that later accounts have highly elaborated. The translation by Philip John Stead reads well as a whole, but takes curious liberties with the English language. —L. G.

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Job Open

MANY weird things emerge from history, but it is doubtful whether any of them can compare with one aspect of our own times. We refer here not to the advent of nuclear energy or to any of the destructive engineering feats turned up by the human mind. The astounding fact produced by our own age is that the most important job in the world is not being done by anyone on a full-time basis.

The most important job in the world, of course, is peace. If the peace fails, human life could be twisted out of shape, quite apart from the toll of a billion or more lives. The destruction of cities and things would be meaningless alongside the injury to the human genes. The problem goes far beyond this or that nation, or this or that ideology. The nature of man is under attack; the uniqueness of the human individual is precariously balanced. Yet there is no one in authority giving full time to this problem and none other.

People devote full time to planting, building, sweeping, cleaning, carving, cooking, directing, or playing. They give full time to food, animals, papers, machines, human problems. And they are certainly giving full time to fashioning the enormously efficient weapons that will be used if the peace should fail. But where is the man who is giving full time to the making of workable peace?

Is it argued that Mr. Hammarskjöld and his colleagues of the United Nations are hired for this express purpose? Mr. Hammarskjöld has a vastly difficult and important job, which he handles well. But he is necessarily submerged in copious administrative work and detail. Even more basic is the fact that the nations he has to serve have defined his job in a way that keeps him from attacking the problem at its largest. The nations have insisted on retaining for themselves ultimate authority in matters of security. They want the right to possess greater physical force than they are willing to invest in the organization charged with the maintenance of world peace. They have provided no specific or adequate machinery to prevent aggression.

Is it argued that President Eisenhower or Mr. Eden or Mr. Nehru or other leading statesmen are devoting full time to the biggest job in the world? President Eisenhower, Mr. Eden, Mr. Nehru, and others are making prodigious contributions to the peace; but all one has to do is to consult the daily calendar of each man to see how his time is consumed. The papers that pass over their desks, the political problems involved in the running of a state, the endless procession of people whose importance must be acknowledged—all these get in the way.

Is it argued that the Secretary of State or the foreign ministers of the various nations are full-time employes whose job it is to safeguard human existence? The very nature of a foreign minister's job might almost be said to preclude the kind of service to the human community that is needed today. Basically, he is guardian of the national sovereignty. He engages in diplomatic warfare. His official duties may lead him in the opposite direction from what is now required, which is to create an authority over the nation itself.

PERHAPS the closest anyone in authority comes to occupying a full-time job intimately concerned with a workable peace is Harold Stassen. The President has assigned Mr. Stassen to the full-time job of working on disarmament plans. This is a historic assignment; but Mr. Stassen is somewhat handicapped by the lack of strong support from other policy-making departments of our Government. The impression is being created by these other departments that it is important for the United States to make disarmament proposals solely because we must not be outmaneuvered by Soviet Russia on the battlefield of world public opinion. But there is an emphatic reluctance in these quarters to use any such proposals as the basis for an action program.

If the War Against Man should occur, it will come about not because it was inevitable. It will come about because not enough people took the trouble to avert it. It will be a grim reflection not on the inexorability of history but on the value we place on the uniqueness of human life as measured by how much of ourselves we put into safeguarding it.

A few weeks ago, at the Geneva "summit meeting," it was agreed that the Big Four would continue to explore common approaches to peace. One approach might be for the other three Governments to appoint counterparts of Mr. Stassen and then create a working body of all four men under a common job assignment:

> You will be relieved of all other work. You will give full time, working as a team, to the problem not only of controlling the new atomic killers but of controlling war itself. You are to forget about diplomatic warfare. Your responsibility is not to your nation alone but to the world's peoples. You are to concern yourself about human life and the conditions that make it possible. Your assignment will continue until you develop a plan or design that is clearly adequate and that can be considered by all the peoples.

It might help, too, if somewhere there would emerge a man who felt as deeply about the entire human community as Gandhi felt about the people of India, a man of towering moral stature and imagination whose goodness and willingness to sacrifice himself in the cause of man would be universally recognized. The power of his compassion might be enough to shatter the sovereignty of violence on earth.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ULYSSES SPEAKS

IT DOES DISTURB ME when a publication that I respect dismisses in a light and airy fashion a film which, despite any shortcomings, is a serious effort. "Ulysses," I feel, deserved more thoughtful consideration than Lee Rogow afforded it. [*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, *SR* July 2]. As to his comment that I played the leading role like a "bearded second baseman," I want to say a word in behalf of Nellie Fox, Bobby Avila, Red Schoendienst, Gil MacDougald, and all the others. I grant you they might have made a faster double-play on the Jessica-Circe-Penelope circuit, but I think I wore the costumes with more style and flair.

Oh, well, it's the difference of opinion that makes show business such a horse race.

KIRK DOUGLAS.

Hollywood, Calif.

INDUSTRIAL WHIM

THE AUTHORS OF "More Money for Our Colleges," John W. Hill and Albert L. Ayars [*SR* July 30], assure their readers that "industry manifests no wish to intrude on academic prerogatives nor to restrict or impair academic freedom." If this is true, industry's attitude is certainly a commendable one. Nevertheless, this attitude sounds whimish, and whims have a way of changing. Suppose industry is allowed to buy its way into a working partnership with education. What guarantees do private colleges have that the attitudes of their powerful benefactors will remain as noble as they are today? Imagination indicates one silver-lined cloud, however. What a whopping-big football rivalry could develop between Ford U. and good old GMU. This might be a bigger crowd-pleaser than Yale-Harvard or Michigan-Ohio State.

ROBERT A. HART.

South Bend, Ind.

THE STUDY OF MAN

THERE MAY BE an "Emergency in Basic Science" as indicated by Thomas H. Grainger [*SR* July 16], but to my mind it should be placed low on the list of emergencies confronting America and the world today. I do not mean to deprecate thereby the contribution that science has made to modern civilization. I do suggest, however, that "our very survival and our progress as a nation" require an altogether different emphasis. Scientific progress attained a new and terrifying peak in the development of the hydrogen bomb. Further progress in the basic science studies would hardly render that device less threatening to survival.

The recurring wars of the twentieth century would seem to require that we summon our educational energies to the study of man and his behavior towards other men. Ethics, religion, politics, economics, sociology are the areas of thought that most urgently need fresh insights and continuing basic research. It is to these studies that our best minds should be directed, encouraged, and financed if we are to fulfil our "obligation to future generations."

HARRY WILES.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If this Ericsson were any good the Swedish Navy would have grabbed him long ago."

EMERGENCY IN EDUCATION

I WOULD LIKE to register a mild addition to "The Emergency in Basic Science." The emergency exists, but I feel the emphasis has been mislaid. My grasp of the situation may not be as encompassing as Grainger's, but on the professional school level at least basic-science research seems to be fairly abundant. The opinion here is that "research money is easy to get—but there are no men to use it." The example in my mind is of a bacteriology professor who was doing work on the basic physiology of the tubercle bacillus. The work was not true "basic science" in the whole spirit of the phrase, since it was sponsored by a pharmaceutical concern with the view of developing a suitable antibiotic drug. However, this worker was not told to work on this project with the reward of money held ahead of him—he had been doing basic-science research for years and this was his field (in which he is nationally known). He would be doing this same work regardless of who was paying him or his institution.

The crux of the problem is expressed in a phrase Grainger uses, "minimum teaching load." Unfortunately, this is too common a situation; what we need is that (albeit rare) combination of teacher-researcher, a man who likes and can do both well. We need more of these people, supplemented by men with a "maximum teaching load." The problem lies, essentially, in the secondary and undergraduate schools, where for the first and most important time one must not be shown that basic science is good and making "gadgets" is bad, but where a young person must have instilled into him a drive to learn for learning's sake alone. The emergency in the basic sciences lies in the modern superficial level of science education. The basic problem in basic science is in education, not in government or private industry.

M. B. OZONOFF.

Chicago, Ill.

A PREMATURE REVIEW

THAT WAS A MASTERLY and exciting article by John Haverstick on "The Great Krebiozen Mystery" [*SR* Aug. 13], and it is pretty rugged on us to have such an interesting article appear when our side of the controversy, Dr. Stoddard's book entitled "Krebiozen: The Great Cancer Mystery," is not yet in the bookstores. We did say that we would publish it on August 15. But by the time the restraining order on our book was dissolved the Krebiozen backers had taken their case to the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and it was not until July 28 that Mr. Justice Wilkins of that court dismissed a petition for an injunction against us and we were finally free to go to press. Of course, we could not then publish by August 15. Now the best that we can do is to ship back-orders by August 26. If your readers will please keep their curiosity at high pitch for about three weeks they will be rewarded. . . .

EDWARD DARLING.
The Beacon Press, Inc.

Boston, Mass.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Wooden O vs. the Celluloid Eye

ARE THE movies offering better theatre than is the theatre itself? Of course not! Any of us who goes to the theatre regularly is thoroughly immune to the theorem postulated by Hollis Alpert in "Movies Are Better Than the Stage" [*SR* July 23]. But since we do rather take the theatre's supremacy for granted, a brief search into why Alpert's thesis is wrong may help us clarify our own feelings about the theatre. And in this search it behooves us to be honest and to rise above picayune matters. The thousands of bad movies and the hundreds of bad plays, the wasteful stupidity of Hollywood and the ruinous high production cost which strangles theatre art on Broadway—these things are germane to the argument, but they are accidental rather than inevitable conditions. What we really must determine is whether the motion picture at its most ideal is more effective than the stage at its most ideal.

To begin with, let us make up our minds, as Mr. Alpert has not, that the film and the stage are different media. The best play in the world must be considerably modified if it is to become a good film. The film scenario is dictated by the eye's needs, with the action a pattern of camera shots. On the stage the script is composed as a series of scenes, each with a purpose and each preferably generating the scene to follow. It is true that by ingenious figuring enough eye interest can be manufactured to allow a film to use a great deal of the original dialogue of a play, as was the case in "Henry V." But place a camera in the stalls of the Old Vic and shoot a complete stage performance of "Henry V" and the result would not hold a movie audience for ten minutes. Conversely, an original screenplay put onstage by means of ingenious scene-shifting machinery and lighting would become ludicrously chaotic to the theatregoer.

Since the media are different and obey different laws, the question narrows down to deciding which medium is the more effective. In the field of demonstration, *i.e.*, the documentary, the travelogue, facial pantomime, and a certain kind of spectacle, the film is probably more effective than the stage. But in the field of arriving at the truth through the ritual of mutual participation in a story the stage is more effective than the film. As Brooks Atkinson so beautifully said recently, "Not many secrets are kept on stage."

The film is inferior in this respect because of its fundamental nature. A soundtrack cleverly combined with expertly composed segments of photographed action can produce certain calculated satisfactions. For the viewer it is much like being immersed in a bath at just the right temperature. While no one will deny the pleasantness and desirability of the experience, we all recognize it as a one-way operation in which we are merely recipients. Let us react how we will, the movie actor will continue to flicker on oblivious of us.

Only in live performances is there the exciting phenomenon of two-way participation. A live actor is stimulating live persons in an audience into a response that surges back to restimulate the actor. The actors must work for this response, and the audience must work at using its imaginative and selective powers to the extent that its own response will be forthcoming. In short, actor and theatregoer are both in on the creative act.

Because the theatregoer is no longer a mere observer, something is really happening. This may be why he can sit enthralled for several minutes while an actor is speaking a soliloquy, whereas in a film (because nothing is really occurring) our eyes become bored if there isn't constant movement. And this is true no matter how marvelous the text.

THERE are other parts of Mr. Alpert's thesis which cause one to wonder if the whole article isn't intended more as a condemnation of the evils of Broadway than it is an affirmation of Hollywood's progress. For instance, when he boasts that the camera is best at creating "lifelike illusions" isn't he really deploring the attempt of many plays to compete in the field of naturalness? Theatre people know that the theatre at its best is not illusionary but ritualistic, for the experience of being fooled is less strong than the experience of allowing one's personality to become fused with that of other participants in a collective act.

On the matter of theatre-ticket prices Mr. Alpert is on solid ground. They should be lower. The fact is that the movies assure the moviegoer of short-range moment-to-moment satisfactions at a low price, while the stage asks the theatregoer to gamble a much higher amount on something which is totally effective or totally ineffective and which depends to some extent on what kind of mentality the theatregoer brings with him.

Mr. Alpert concedes that the stage has the utmost freedom to pursue life into corners where Hollywood, TV, and some of our best-known publishers find it unwise to follow. But he impugns Tennessee Williams's intentions when that playwright makes an honest if imperfect attempt to dramatize matters he feels strongly about in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Mr. Alpert charges that the play's bad language is "a successful stunt." If there is a less calculating writer than Williams around I should like to know where he is. In Hollywood, perhaps?

HOW pleasant but, unfortunately, undeserved is Mr. Alpert's implication that drama critics are too lenient with new plays. Our record of blasting first efforts so hard that the playwright gives up and departs for Hollywood borders on the infamous. For every Robert Anderson or George Axelrod, who were hailed on their first professionally produced shows, there are several like Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Arthur Laurents, John Patrick, Herman Wouk, N. Richard Nash, and Joseph Hayes whose earliest work was greeted with considerably less than overwhelming praise.

Mr. Alpert found the motion picture "Summertime" *more satisfactory* than the play "Time of the Cuckoo," upon which it was based. It is. Partly because it is a gorgeous travelogue of Venice, and partly because the theme has been changed from what was originally a devastating attack on the American desire for insured perfect romance, which destroys a possible love affair, to the *more satisfying* story which—against the playwright's intention—"shows how the very atmosphere of Venice caused a spinsterish American woman to drop her scruples for a fling with a married Venetian."

This may be just the difference between the two media. The film is always apt to be *more satisfying*, giving to the public what it wants, and the theatre always more genuinely moving and artistic. Much of the trouble with present-day Broadway comes from its attempt to perform the motion-picture's function rather than to develop its own. If Mr. Alpert's article can make Broadway realize this he will have earned the gratitude of all.

—HENRY HEWES.

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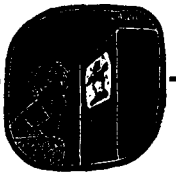

TV AND RADIO

Schizoids in the TV Station

IT HAS often been remarked by persons knowledgeable of matters pertaining to radio-TV that the air is schizoid in personality. Protestations of dedicatory zeal *pro bonum publicum* on higher cultural levels are regularly made by the high priests who oracularize in print for the broadcasting brotherhood. The industry's works as viewed, on the other hand, do not commonly bear out, in terms of actual programs, many of the avowals. An occasional Sadler's Wells Ballet, for example, remotely balances, much less outweighs, the recurrent business-as-usual levels of many other familiar network programs. The split in the industry's psyche is also manifested in many of the individuals who create and supervise TV and radio programs. These men are uniformly well educated, interested in cerebral action, and aware of the manifold things in the world today of which well-educated, aware people should be aware.

Periodically, however, their faith in their professional world is sharply contradicted by the works of that world—indicating (after due allowance is made, in their public pronouncements, for reasonable horn-blowing) either a lack of candor, at least, or an unawareness, perhaps a blindspot to that which is actually going on about them. Any expert psyche-prober will tell us that self-revelation flows most freely when the revealer is unsuspecting, going about his normal affairs. One of the unsuspecting, self-revealing stations on the TV-radio run is *Variety*'s (the show-business weekly) annual review-preview, in which top industry talent is invited, under bylines, to reflect, prognosticate, and generally anticipate the soul, scope, and sparkle of the upcoming season. The *Variety* staff, in the same issue, prints its customary report and editorial comment on the passing radio and television scene. A comparison of business as it is, according to *Variety*, and business as it exists in the minds of the byline writers, is always informative, often instructive or amusing, and if taken seriously, sometimes disturbing.

Television network executives who are responsible for public affairs and news broadcasts have written articles in the current *Variety* review-preview. The articles express their authors' fine working vitality, enthusiasm, and especially a high estimate of the cultural uplift which the nation's mental bosom is deriving from their strictures. Thus speaks one communicator: "We unveil our hitherto secret plans for 3D-TV: television's third dimension—depth . . . television with something to say . . . That family in the living room . . . want close contact with the real people, the real ideas, the real events that shape our world. . . ." Another, describing his network's upcoming season as the "greatest" of its history, writes: "We will attract, not just fragmentary groups, but the whole American audience, including its influential and opinion-forming levels. Our specials are the future of television, if the medium is to achieve its place as the greatest communications service in history."

Still another news chief declares: "The most significant fact about the present stage in the development of television news is that the men charged with the responsibility of using this medium are succeeding in achieving a solid impact on the American viewer coupled with a sincere regard for the principle of honesty, straightforwardness, and responsibility to the facts. . . . Television in the news area has succeeded in making abstract ideas come alive in terms of people, of places, and of customs. . . . This is a real achievement. It's a long step forward in the establishment of a meaningful democracy. . . ." A fourth executive, soaring admirably, writes of a planned project: "We hope it will add up to a composite drama of our age, the visual story of man groping in a world rocked by change and convulsion."

CERTAINLY no one can accuse the writers of such elegant words as lacking in vision, aspiration, or self-appreciation. Creative people must possess all three qualities in abundance: it is a mark of their identity. But how speaks one canny *Variety* scribe whose business it is to make reader impact out of objective, not subjective, industry patterns? "TV 'NEWS IN DEPTH' KAYOED," announces a full-page headline. "'See

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 18, 5, 20, 7, 6, 9, 12, 13, 17, 3, 4, 19, 8, 15, 10, 1, 11, 14, 16.

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FILMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
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It' Switch Seen Body Blow" underscores a column subhead. The lead spells out the sad tale. "Television newscasting, which by the admission of members of the electronic journalism fraternity has been sinking to a low estate, was dealt its hardest body-blow in years with last week's decision to pull 'See It Now' out of its regular weekly slotting and place it in the sporadic 'specials' category. The CBS decision spells an end to what fourth estaters hoped would be an era of televised 'news in depth.'

"NBC, cognizant of 'See It Now's' powerful prestige and impact," continues the *Variety* report, "and desirous of its own to bring out a topflight news program, launched 'Background' last fall. But commercial commitments—or at least commercial prospects—pushed 'Background' right into where its title implies, an early Sunday afternoon slot . . . The networks aren't ready to place the same value on news creatively as on the sure buck." Well, then—who is kidding whom? Is *Variety* making a glass mountain out of an aluminum molehill? Or are the public-affairs executives of the leading networks talking out of the normal self-excitement native to the creative process, without benefit of the sales departments' cool re-examination?

Background, penetration, understanding, much-needed synthesis for a disjointed world—these were the high goals devotedly held to and often vitally attained by the Edward R. Murrow-Fred Friendly program. "See It Now," as *Variety* goes on to comment, was the pioneer and the pacesetter, the foundation on which an entire new "news in depth school of television journalism was to lean." Is the king dead—or ghostlike does he walk the vaunted towers of TV journalism only when the commercial cock isn't crowing? It would be ironic, indeed, if the regular contribution to the attention of the American people on TV by America's leading television journalist were to harden exclusively into Mr. Murrow's popular but hardly penetrating "Person to Person" program. And, finally, shall we let the people speak? The people themselves whose minds and hearts (according to an earlier network pronouncement) are being filled with "an awareness of current events and an interest in them"? *Variety*'s front page of the annual review-preview issue carries this box headline: "$64,000 Question's 47,560,000 Viewers."

You will know, if you follow the human-interest features in your daily newspaper, that the reference is to the new quiz program on CBS which has risen spectacularly to the top of the top ten TV shows—with a record summer rating of 52.3. "The $64,000 Question," as the title directly suggests, is a program where individual contestants may win $64,000. The American people who watch television, this summer of 1955, are apparently still chiefly interested in the high, ancient drama of getting-rich-quick. True, it is only three years since a TV network executive wrote: ". . . regular viewers will over a period of time, while tuning in for entertainment, receive a general indoctrination in things in which they have little interest, and under the continued impact of these things they will broaden, and mature, and increase the scope, range, and intensity of interest in many things. The purpose, in short, of the communications media that reach the all-family audience from coast-to-coast is the general self-realization of the public through exposure and enlightenment. . . ." Dr. Jekyll—meet Mr. Hyde.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE HINGES OF HELL *Stewart Sterling* (Ives Washburn: $2.75)	NY hotel blaze and gal's unburned body rouse Fire Marshal Ben Pedley to profanity and action.	Cops not too friendly, but hero bulls way through; cast not convincing.	Slap-happy.
THE CELLAR AT NO. 5 *Shelley Smith* (Harper: $2.50)	Well-heeled English solitary (f.) resents companionship; things built up toward inevitable explosion.	Excellent interplay of character and taut handling lend this job high distinction.	Prime goods.
DESTINATIONS *Georges Simenon* (Doubleday: $3.95)	Two long yarns, "The Hitchhiker" (NY-New England) and "The Burial of Monsieur Bouvet" (Paris).	One psychological study, one identification puzzler make up this ingenious package.	For Simenon fans.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Beethoven, Brahms and B....t

ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

ELLENVILLE may not be Edinburgh and Ulster County may not be the *Salzkammergut,* but both now have a lot more identity with such places of cultural acclaim, thanks to recent organization here of the infant Empire State Music Festival. There was much to commend and practically nothing to condemn in the inaugural events, which found Eduard van Beinum, touring the States this summer on leave from the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, as conductor of the Symphony of the Air (nee NBC), and performances of "La Bohème" produced by John Brownlee, with such Metropolitan performers as Eugene Conley, Clifford Harvuot, and Frank Guarrera joined by such aspirants to the honor as Lucia Evangelista, Gloria Lind, and William Wilderman, Emerson Buckley conducting.

The brave spirits who ventured some $100,000 in launching this activity include local innkeepers headed by Jerome Hershon; Jascha S. Rushkin, whose first name proclaims his identity as a violinist (liaison man with the orchestra); and singers Brownlee and Frank E. Forest, responsible for the operatic activity on Thursday and Saturday spacing the orchestral concerts on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday afternoon. They have converted a pretty sloping site in the Schwangunk Mountains into an amphitheatre, provided a spacious tent for 2,000 and uncovered room for twice or three times as many, leveled and surfaced parking areas, and otherwise passed a small miracle since the whole idea reached the action stage early in July.

Inevitable ceremonies, some appropriate, some otherwise, included State Senator Arthur H. Wicks's tribute to the "indifitigable" efforts of the forementioned. He then introduced the acting Dutch Ambassador Dr. S. G. Baron van Voorst Tot Voorst, who saluted the surroundings and his compatriot Van Beinum in impeccable English. Following this the audience was regaled with a stimulating evening of Beethoven (Lenore No. 3 overture and Symphony No. 8), and Brahms (Symphony No. 1) by just enough members of the former Toscanini orchestra to uphold the house name. The sound inside the spacious but well-designed tent (the conception of Frederick Kiesler, as was the versatile stage area) was a mite *secco* and unresonant, but outside the music floated to the ear with the sweetness and clarity that are birthrights everywhere of music played in appropriate outdoor surroundings. No amplification, of course.

To judge from the following day's rehearsal of "Bohème" the evening performance of opera was also on a quality level. Enough props were utilized to permit the basic stage action, and the fusion of the performers—who have worked together in a Puerto Rican season or two organized by Brownlee as well as in varying measure at the Metropolitan—was made total by Buckley's warm-tempered leadership. In the future are a Mozart program to be conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, a "Cosi" with Brownlee under the musical leadership of Tibor Koszma, and sundry other events stretching into the first week of September involving Alfred Wallenstein, Leroy Anderson, Arthur Fiedler, and Izler Solomon. Certainly enough variety has been improvised to permit a searching study of what will or will not go in Ellenville.

As to who will or will not go to Ellenville: that remains not merely the $64,000, but the $100,000 question. The summer population within easy access of the concert grounds is close to 500,000. But, obviously, the venture has not been launched to provide diversion for those surfeited with ping-pong, badminton, and marshmallow roasts. It will flourish or falter in the degree to which it succeeds in attracting additional population for a day, weekend, or week.

Certainly there is a plentiful potential public in Metropolitan New York (including Jersey, Westchester, nearby Connecticut, Albany, Buffalo, etc.) to swamp an area three times the size of the modest one now available. If Ellenville concentrates on August and September—when Tanglewood and the Lewisohn Stadium in New York have both run their historic courses —then it has so much more of a public on which to draw. Moreover, there is much accessible housing of all sorts, and infinite room for more.

As of now, access by car is easy enough on weekdays. A fine stretch of New York Thruway can be picked up at Suffern—some thirty miles from the George Washington Bridge—and the Newburgh exit leaves one well under an hour from Ellenville. The total drive is three hours, house to house. On weekends, however, that connecting stretch of Routes 4-17 from the bridge to Suffern is something to make a strong man flinch. When the Thruway comes down through Westchester to the outskirts of New York the intermediate difficulties will vanish; but so, lacking sufficient resolution, may the Festival.

Let's hope that the sponsors of this welcome and potentially valuable activity will hold the lines so swiftly marked out, and extend them only gradually, and with a steady appreciation of realities. Let's hope, further, that they stick tenaciously to quality standards, meaning an even fuller complement of Symphony of the Air players than the eight celli and six basses heard in the opening program. (An orchestra, it may be mentioned parenthetically, needs a firm bottom as well as a dazzling top.) Let's hope, too, that the operatic activity flourishes side by side with the symphonic (with the dramatic as an added starter), for that is a pattern different from Tanglewood, and one which may give Ellenville its identity in the public mind.

Whether that mind can be swayed from Ellenville's identity with such B's as borscht and bagels to more classical B's only a soothsayer can venture. But if you can imagine Eduard van Beinum in Ellenville you can imagine anything. Those who brought about that first day's work could well accomplish other seeming "impossibles."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 634

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 634 will be found in the next issue.

MCPALMBLPFL DPM P

EFPGPHNMH KR ZKHL;

CL ONQLE ST DFNHNZW

HCNZWM HK YXKHL.

C. J. SXZZLF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 633

Only presidents, editors and people with tapeworm have the right to use the editorial "We."

—MARK TWAIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Afternoon of John Sunday

BUENOS AIRES.

GENERAL JOSÉ DE SAN MARTIN was a leader in the South American movement for freedom from Spain. Largely through his efforts the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, which local British types insist on calling the River Plate, were in 1810 declared free, and became the Republic of Argentina. In reciprocation the capital of Buenos Aires, now a city of 3,500,000, has a Plaza San Martin, a gracious boulevard known as the Avenida Liberatador General San Martin, and the San Martin cocktail. The potable San Martin is a local martini served in pitchers with chunks of ice, like a lemonade, and so yellow with vermouth as to throw the professional vermouth-eschewers of the martini-soaked northlands into an utter, yea, irretrievable state of shock.

I like to think of the Plaza San Martin as I think of Grand Army Plaza at the south end of Manhattan's Central Park—a quiet, elegant, greening enclave in the scrambling city, bordered by the best hotels, at the fountainhead of the best shopping streets. But Plaza San Martin has even more. It has a giant cut-out sign looking down the hill to a tower given Argentina by Britain, to the street known as Maipu, to the railroad station serving the center and north of the country, and to the docks that lead out to the River Plate to the Atlantic. Says the sign: "Lealtad al Gral. Peron." Loyalty to General Peron.

The Avenida San Martin begins, you might say, at the terminal of the central and northern railway, a line known formally as the Ferrocaril Naçional General Bartolomé Mitre. The depot itself, once named the Retiro C.A., is presently called the Estaçion Presidente Peron. Driving past its gray façade and out into the fashionable Avenida one is transported by the high white buildings with their glass terraces to the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, by the quaint town houses to the streets of Georgetown, by the trig little mansions to the Avenue Foch in Paris.

There is the national zoo with its huge ostriches, the German fountain that was a gift in 1910 at the time of the Argentine centennial. There are the lemon trees growing in private patios and the magnificent residence of the U.S. Ambassador, and directly across the San Martin the small statue of George Washington standing in the park. There are the fiacres with lanterns, the sidewalk cafes with raffia chairs, and the beautiful Parque 3 de Febrero with its Spanish patios and artificial lakes decorated with palmy islands, marble statues by the edge of the water, and the white geese floating by. And right next door, its own built-in race track with billboards advertising Cinzano.

Argentine jets rumble in the sky over the fenced-in masterpiece that will be the largest monument in the world, some say. It is being built in Italy to honor Eva Peron, sometime variety artist, sometime first lady of Argentina, sometime heroine of the unions, now three years dead of cancer. But such are the apprehensions of the regime 1,000 days after her demise that machine-gun nests can be spotted through the fence, dug in pits around the base of the growing monument, lest it be sacked and razed by dissident forces.

Most of all, on the Avenida Libertador General San Martin there is the estate at Number 1684 which slopes from a hillside park gently to the street. Deer graze, one presumes contentedly, on the grassy lawn, but in the trees there are searchlights and, like blue ants on a green anthill, there are the guards of the Policia Montada, a Federal body called by some stronger than the Army. Their blue uniforms dot the side-streets too, and parked in an alley is a 1955 Ford radio car, which, were it an automobile to be imported by a private citizen, would cost $10,000 landed on the River Plate.

Here at Number 1684 lives, one would suspect in trepidation, Juan Domingo Peron, still referred to in an irreverent code as John Sunday. If John Sunday keeps to himself in these strange days that have followed the naval revolt of June 16, evidences of his glory are everywhere. The new road, the foundation for the new building still to be built, the grand civic project still to be completed all bear the sign "Peron Cumple"—Peron Fulfils His Promise. Some equally advertise John Sunday's second five-year plan, the second Quinquennial destined for a new Argentina. Others note that while Peron Fulfils, Evita Dignifica—Eva Dignifies.

DOWN on the shores of the Rio de la Plata is a huge filtered swimming pool complete with parking lots, playgrounds for children all built by the Eva Peron foundation, a ubiquitous association that crops up on the canopies that cover bus-stops, that adorns the ambulance that screams through the street, that created the Ciudad Estudiantil, a handsome high school for children thirteen to seventeen. There is a Rama Masculina and a counterpart, Rama Feminina, but both are restricted to members of the Union Etudiantes Secondarios, a junior wing of the Peronista Party.

For sub-juniors there is a Ciudad Infantil, a children's village of delightful houses nestling amid real palms, pines, and poplars. There is a make-believe bank, with a vault, a gas station, even a miniature-sized school complete with miniature bust of Juan Domingo Peron on the miniature lawn. Here Peronista children may play grown-up, invite each other for tea, deposit play pesos in the play bank. Provided by the *fundaçion* is a fleet of blue Mercedes cars and trucks. When the Ciudad Infantil first opened, a film describing its Peronista joys was by decree shown in every moving-picture theatre in the city.

For forty centavos, or one and three-quarter cents American, I joined the rush-hour crowd in the winter dusk the other evening, and rode one of the five lines of the Subterraneo which rumble under the streets of Buenos Aires. The stations, one of them named Eva Peron, are white tile painted with landscape murals. From the end of the line up to the railroad station known as Constituçion an escalator that courses uphill, then horizontally like a human conveyor belt, then up again, lifted a stream of suburbanites to their trains

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Journey

By Witter Bynner

I AM homesick for all different places,
They come to me, they wake in me new love,
Vermont's cold steeple, country-people's faces,
Mexico's caged tremble of a dove,

Caves under the Nile to hide kings,
Columns in Athens alternate with air,
I am a living part of far-off things
And almost always wish that I were there.

But other times the homesickness renews
Back from all other places, other ways,
And this will be the privilege I choose,
Here at the very center of my days.

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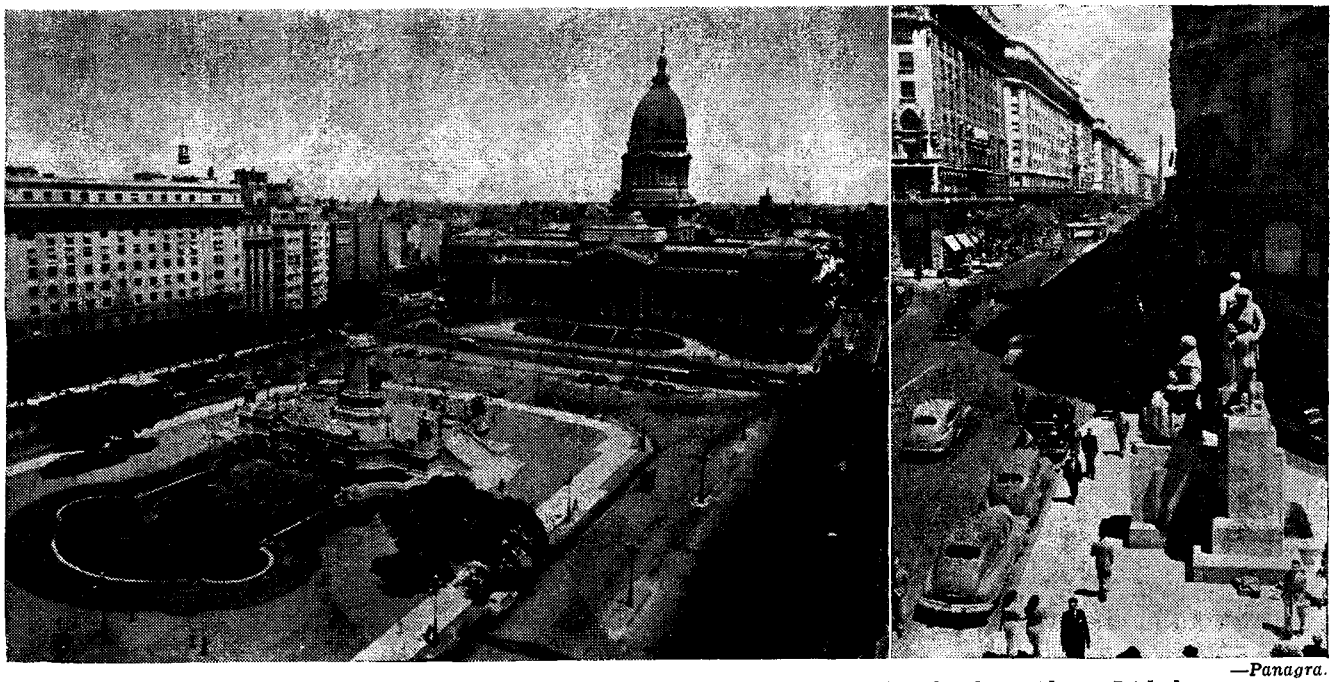

—*Panagra.*

Buenos Aires—in the shops alligator bags, in the restaurants $1 steaks, on the chambermaids an Irish brogue.

that waited above. In the center of the floor of the mammoth depot, which also serves southern Argentina as well as commuters, is a bust of Eva Peron. Half a dozen wreaths placed there by trade unions on the third anniversary of her death surrounded the pedestal. A passerby lifted his hat as he hurried past to his train. On a wall above, vying with signs exhorting citizens to consider Geniol, a patent medicine for the relief of grippe and fever, was a bright neon display reminding the onlooker of the second five-year plan. There was a neon picture of an old railroad engine and a rakish new one. "It will only take a few years before the people of the new Argentina will be proud of their destiny," the sign says. "Full Steam Ahead—Peron." The subway change booth, where I went to break a peso note into centavos for the fare back to the hotel, was decorated with three stock photos of blonde Eva.

While the trappings of an active demagoguery will be inescapable to the most politically naïve traveler, still Buenos Aires is a city of immense attraction. Lifted as I was by Panagra's new DC-7B from Manhattan in a matter of twenty hours, I couldn't help but ponder what magnificent surprises await the American tourist currently exploring the delights of Europe when he and Latin America finally awaken to their mutual benefits.

IN a party of four I repaired one evening to La Cabaña, generally accepted without an argument as the best restaurant in town. White-domed chefs broil the famous beef of Argentine at a great grill alongside the entrance. Or, for local color, waiters will bring a charcoal brazier right to your table and you can watch a *paradilla* as it sizzles at your elbow—a mixed grill of liver, kidney, tripe, sausage, and *criadillas,* which are parts of a bull. We skipped all that and went straight to *lomito,* a steak of baby beef, one for each, and each as large as two columns of this page. There was a bottle of red wine as good as the best of Bordeaux, and salad and coffee. The bill for all of us was $5.20, tip included.

There is the charm of shopping along the Florida, where street traffic is forbidden to autos after eleven in the morning so shoppers may browse in comfort. Alligator bags, machine made, average about $20 at Majorga, about $35 handmade. I would particularly recommend Herse at Florida 961, where the style and workmanship match Hermes of Paris and Mark Cross of Manhattan. Figure about $45 here. Majorga and Pisk on the Santa Fe, and a hundred shops between, have all sorts of soft buttery luggage and big poufy satchels which the models of New York and London have adopted as part of their uniform. Elsewhere there are fine gloves, argyle socks of local wool at $1.25 a pair, pullovers of local cashmere at $5, $10 with sleeves, men's shoes at $9 of good leather and last, but watch out for the Adler-Elevator heels.

Walk the Santa Fe, which, like the Florida, leads off from the Parque San Martin and have tea at the Queen Bess, where the canned music the other afternoon was disgorging "Walking My Baby Back Home." The police direct traffic from round podia elevated six feet from the ground. Berets and caps are popular with males but more formal Portileños lean to the broad-brimmed black pork-pie. To ward off the wintry chill men wear tan fringed tri-cornered shawls over their topcoats. Don't try to buy a steak on Friday because it's against the law to serve one. Despite the price and the plenty there is a conservation program allegedly to permit the Argentine to export meat to Britain. Don't buy more than 5,000 pesos of leather goods or the Government, for reasons that escape me completely, will impose an export duty. Don't be surprised if the chambermaid at your hotel speaks perfect English albeit with the thickest brogue south of Barry Fitzgerald. Their Spanish is perfect too, for most of them are the aging daughters born in the Argentine of Irish immigrants.

Stroll the Avenida 9 de Julio and you will find a boulevard more than two hundred yards wide, or broad enough to install two football fields lengthwise, end to end. Turn down towards the river along the Avenida de Mayo to the Plaza Mayo, which was filled with tumult and shooting last June 16. Rising in front is the Casa de Gobierno, Peron's offices, its pink stone chipped with bullet holes when June 1955 busted out all over the waterfront. From all indications it is the late afternoon of John Sunday. For the restless legions of American travelers who will one day discover the Argentine the dawn is barely breaking through the dark night of unknown. When the sun is up it ought to be a great come-and-get-it day.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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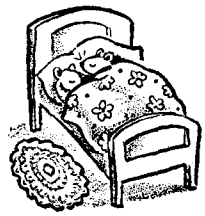
Books for Young People

ANY TIME is a good time for children to read books, of course, but especially the long summer days when even playgrounds are too hot. School libraries generally are closed during vacations but, happily, the children's rooms of public libraries remain open for reading-aloud groups, for individual reading, or for the selection of books to take home. Here are nearly a score of new titles worth bringing to their attention.



—"Willow Tree Village."

Reviewers for this issue: Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Long Beach (California) Public Library; Sarah L. Jones, Chief, Library Consultant, State Department of Education, Atlanta; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; and Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Specialist, Children's Literature, The New York Public Library.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

THE HAPPY LION IN AFRICA. *By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $2. The Happy Lion that strolled through a little French town last year to the delight of young readers of Louise Fatio's "The Happy Lion" is kidnapped from the village zoo in this book. He escapes to the hold of a ship that takes him to Africa, but instead of being at home in his native land as one would expect, he is very unhappy, frightening some animals, being frightened by others. A photographer on safari recognizes him and takes him back. Here he is welcomed by a splendid parade, a brass band, and François, the zoo keeper's little son. The same beguiling lion, bright colors, and full-page pictures that introduced us to the Happy Lion carry on this story of his further adventures. —F. L. S.

ONE STEP, TWO . . . *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2. Here is a book to be read aloud with the very young. We specify *with* rather than *to* because the nature of the brief story, the sound of the words, and the colorful pages are designed to appeal to both the visual and auditory senses.

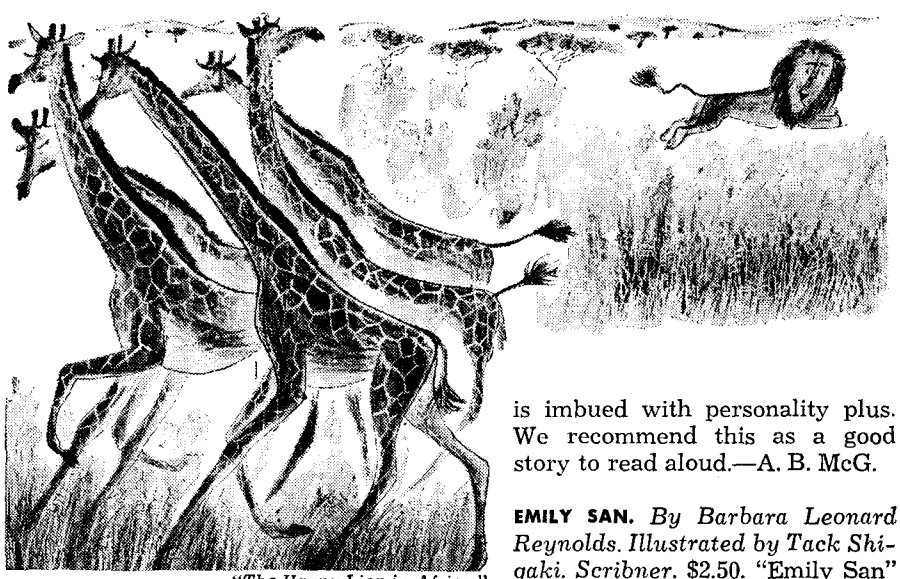
Anyone who has been taken for a walk by a little girl just past two knows that it is an adventure punctuated by pauses and digressions of exploration and discovery. "See that! Hear that! Mustn't touch!" are the refrains that contribute to the growing experiences of both the small heroine and the listeners.

Mr. Duvoisin's charming illustrations as well as the text are printed on brilliant blue, green, yellow, and pink pages, making the book very eye-catching. The pictures are simple and clear enough so that a chubby finger will have no trouble in pointing out the items of interest which have caught the attention of the small fry during its walk.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

A TREAT IN A TROUT. *By Elizabeth Benson Booz. Houghton Mifflin.* $3. Eight-year-old Marc lived in a little gray house with pink flowers growing from the roof and crevices, and nine-year-old Ninette lived in a big gray castle with her sister, Collette, and the Baron. Nothing was so important to the children as finding the proper birthday gift for Marc's fisherman grandfather and catching a lake trout for the Baron Beauvoir's banquet. The Spin-o-lure and the fish lead the two children into an amusing and potentially dangerous adventure which creates a sensation in the tiny French fishing village. The illustrations, which catch the humor and movement of the story, will add to the pleasure of the seven-to-nine-year-olds.

—SARAH L. JONES.



—"The Happy Lion in Africa."

". . . the same beguiling lion."

WILLOW TREE VILLAGE. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.25. Miss Lattimore turns again to the China she knows so well for the background of this story of Mimosa, only daughter of a wealthy Chinese gentleman. The little girl, eager to know of life outside the five courtyards of her home, dresses in the simple blue cotton clothes of her Amah's daughter and slips through the big red gate into the Street of Lanterns. Many adventures befall her before she is returned to her father's house. A gentle story of real little children and the feeling of old China. —F. L. S.

FOURTH FLOOR MENAGERIE. *Story and pictures by Flavia Gág. Henry Holt.* $2.75. Insect life in a metropolitan home is limited usually to roaches and water bugs—but not the Gregg's New York apartment! Barbara Jean, abetted by her cousin Hoagy, stirs up her normal family life by bringing back from the country a cricketarium, a woolly caterpillar, and a brown mole cricket. Since the apartment already houses a family of hamsters and a roving canary, and there is daily practice on the oboe, clarinet, and saxophone, life becomes hilarious, although nerveracking, for Mr. Gregg.

Barbara Jean as a heroine seems to attract adventure, but always manages to turn near catastrophe into triumph or a series of events that will provide interesting, light-hearted reading for many young people. Miss Gág displays an amazing insight into nature, human and otherwise. Every character in both picture and text is imbued with personality plus. We recommend this as a good story to read aloud.—A. B. McG.

EMILY SAN. *By Barbara Leonard Reynolds. Illustrated by Tack Shigaki. Scribner.* $2.50. "Emily San" is a fast-moving story of a little American girl who has two years

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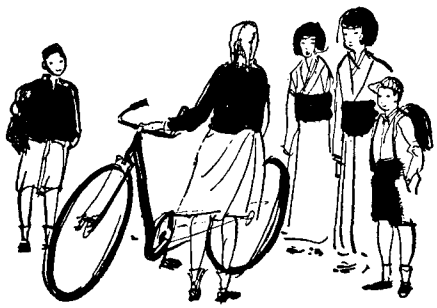


—"Emily San."

". . . regardless of language difficulties."

to spend with her family in present-day Japan. This is a well-written, fascinating story of Emily's adjustments and real experiences—both pleasant and disappointing—in becoming acquainted with American and Japanese children. The story points up ways in which American children in a foreign country can learn first hand that children everywhere have the same interests, can share in the same fun, and become good friends regardless of language differences. Normal, wholesome human-relations problems of the adjustment of children in a foreign culture are here presented for those who stay at home and for those who are fortunate enough to travel abroad with their families. —ALICE LOHRER.

LIKE A LADY. *By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Susan Knight. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Miss Daringer has again drawn a real and appealing child in telling the story of thirteen-year-old Joanna, whose lively imagination and highly developed sense of the dramatic are tempered by a fund of common sense. Joanna's life is full of the ordinary activities of a contemporary eighth-grader in a small American community. Because she finds excitement in everything so does the reader. Her efforts to earn a new suit for her mother to wear to a P-TA convention prove unsuccessful, but she achieves satisfaction through friendship, family relationships, and in the unexpected acquisition of a pure-bred collie pup. This is a superior girl's story, told with humor and understanding.—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

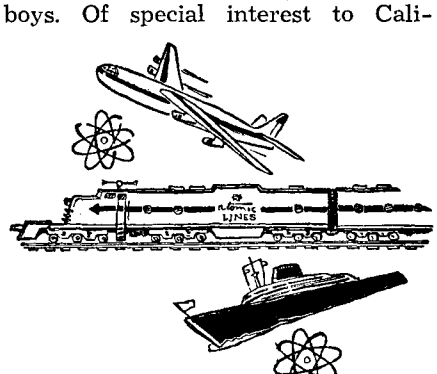
OJIBWAY DRUMS. *By Marian M. Magoon. Illustrated by Larry Toschik. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. There have been many books which detail the coming to manhood of a young Indian brave. What sets this one off from all the rest is the almost slangy familiarity with which it is written as Half Sky and his friend Big Face taunt each other with such epithets as "dirty skunk" and "stinking fish." There is a boisterous humor about the story that has a ring of authority. The author writes out of an intimate knowledge of the Ojibway Indians for every summer she lives in a log cabin almost surrounded by reservation land and she numbers tribesmen among her friends. The book has the further advantage of being well within the reading level of eight- to eleven-year-old boys. —A. O'B. M.

THE RISING ARROW. *By Hughie Call. Illustrated by Jacob Landan. Viking.* $2.50. This is an adventure-packed story for the nine-to-twelve-year-old boy of life on a Montana sheep ranch. While Dan and Jack, with their mother, await word from a missing father in Korea. Each day is filled with the absorbed excitement of learning about and sharing in the work of shearing, wrangling, herding, and caring for six thousand sheep in mountainous terrain.

It is told with a smooth, flowing style that makes for fast reading and provides another worthwhile and welcome addition to stories for boys of the junior-high-school age. The characters are well drawn, the setting is modern, and the story has a ring of sincerity as it reveals two boys learning to share in the responsibilities of life on a Western ranch. The vivid details will be read with interest by boys everywhere. —A. L.

RANCH OF A THOUSAND HORNS. *By Jean Bothwell and Phyllis Sowers. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.50. A tale of the colorful days in Alta California in the 1830s when the ranchos and missions still flourished. Felipe, about to celebrate his thirteenth birthday, was the fourth Del Mar to possess the Ranch of a Thousand Horns. Life was effortless and good, with many hours spent on his favorite horse, Flecha. Then came the long trip to Monterey, with strange sights and experiences, to meet the new schoolteacher. School—that would take away his freedom, and Felipe was rebellious. Somehow he managed to live on until his birthday in spite of school. And what a birthday!

Girls will like this story better than boys. Of special interest to Californians in the sixth and seventh grades. —HELEN FULLER.



—"Atoms, Today and Tomorrow."

". . . timely explanation of atomic energy."

BOOMER. *By Denis Clark. Illustrated by C. Gifford Ambler. Viking.* $2.50. A kangaroo is the hero of this Australian story which perfectly reflects both the personality of the animal and the strange country that is his home. It is the special virtue of Denis Clark so to submerge himself in the country of which he writes that it seems to be his native land. He accomplished this in "Black Lightning," the setting of which is Ceylon. He has done it even more admirably in "Boomer." The mores of the people, their speech, their thoughts, their feelings about the aborigines—all, one feels, are exactly portrayed. Against this background the object of one man's enmity and protected by another, the giant Boomer acts out his wild and innocent life. —A. O'B. M.

BARN SWALLOW. *By Paul McCutcheon Sears. Illustrated by Walter Ferguson. Holiday House.* $2. This story of a year in the life of a barn swallow adds to the growing volume of accurately and simply written scientific material for young children. As in his "Downy Woodpecker," Mr. Sears gives a brief life history of one of our common birds. Beginning with his first days in the mud-and-straw nest in the haymow, through his learning to fly, the migration to South America, and his return to build a nest and rear his own family, the young reader follows the growth and development of Barn Swallow from babyhood to maturity. The attractive illustrations, the large print, and the easy vocabulary will appeal to children who are becoming interested in the natural world around them. This title is another of the excellent Life Cycle Story Series.

—SARAH L. JONES.

ATOMS, TODAY AND TOMORROW. *By Margaret O. Hyde. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Many adults as well as young people will find this clear, easily read, and timely explanation of atomic energy well worth reading. Clear explanations and excellent black-and-white diagrams and illustrations make a complex scientific subject more easily understood. Not only are the principles underlying atomic energy carefully explained but experiments in the peaceful uses to which atomic energy have been put in the service of man are well presented.

A glossary of atomic language and an index also aid the reader. The book will be read with profit by junior- and senior-high-school students and their parents. —A. L.

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"The Way to Be Safe Is Never to Be Secure"

Continued from page 8

der v. *McGrath,* in 1951. In one of these three cases the attorney for the employe called the board's attention to this decision. The board said that it would "investigate the decision of the United States Supreme Court in all fairness [to the employe]." Whatever the result of the "investigation," the employe was not cleared.

A third lot is the well-known matter of associations. "Sympathetic associations" is the usual phrase. Of course, this makes sense. A man's or a woman's friends are a good or a bad sign of his or her attitude toward the country as well as toward life in general. And yet I was startled by the inclusion of an employe's family in this category of derogatory associations. It was logical, and yet somehow surprising, and the more logical the more ruthless.

In one case a typist in the Signal Corps was charged with being a security risk solely on account of his association with his parents. "You are closely associated with your father, who reportedly . . .," and "Your father and mother were: . . ." He was cleared, but the course of the hearing led the board's attorney into an inquiry about the dates the man had made with Japanese girls during the Korean War, where he had won the Bronze Star, about his reading habits, what he thought of the Marshall Plan, the Truman doctrine, tidelands oil, and the Army-McCarthy hearings. He was cleared.

In another case not only the man's parents were brought into the case—he was a coppersmith in a shipyard—but the charge against him added: "(c) Information further revealed that *prior to her marriage* to you [your wife] was a signer of a Communist Party nominating petition in June 1942 for Candidate Amter and others." I emphasize.

The fact that a man's uncle had acted as attorney for the defense at the trial of certain of the Communist Party leaders was one of the charges in proceedings against a private in the Army. The only charge against the man himself was that he "exhibited a hypercritical attitude towards society that appeared to reflect home indoctrination." Let us reflect!

Finally, of course, there are all the things a man has said, as reported by people who claim to have heard them. You can't say they are not relevant, assuming they were in fact said, to what he might do in the future, but some of the boards go beyond speculation. One chairman said, "The basis for the security program as it is set up is not to determine whether he is or might be disloyal, but whether there is any doubt as to his loyalty under any foreseeable circumstances."

It was held against one employe that he had been heard to say, while sitting in a restaurant and listening to a broadcast, that the House Un-American Activities Committee investigation of the ten Hollywood writers in 1947 was "despicable." Indeed it was, and J. Parnell Thomas turned out to be no better than the hearings he conducted. One charge against a postal clerk was this: "In 1950 Communist literature was observed in the bookshelves and Communist art was seen on the walls of your residence." Yes, he owned the Modern Library edition of "Das Kapital," and there were reproductions of Picasso, Matisse, Renoir, and Modigliani in the sitting room.

Are you a security risk, are you disloyal because you think a Congressman acts despicably, or because you have pictures on your walls which are equally offensive to another kind of person? Some people like Matisse or Renoir. Some even admire a Picasso or a Modigliani.

YOU will have remarked the niggardly attitude of the security officers in the specification of charges. They pinch every penny of particularity as they pay it out. It is unfair, yes. But there is worse to it than that. It puts the man or the woman, himself or herself, on trial and not their conduct. We have, I think, a deep feeling that this is wrong, but we are inquiring into what a man or a woman might do in the future, and not simply into what they did do in the past. How can we help judge the individual as well as what he has done? But if we are going to pass judgment on the individual, he is laid on his back on a couch, not standing in the dock. And everything is relevant.

Particularly his opinions. Once it was, Are you a good Republican? Are you a deserving Democrat? Now it's, What do you think of collective farms, of government ownership of public utilities, of the abolition of trademarks, of the redistribution of wealth, freedom of religion in Russia, of the situation in Guatemala, of "the place for religion" "in the social order of things." You are even reminded that, in your answer to the questionnaire, after "Religious preference" you put "None." In another case a boiler fireman at an Army Ordnance Depot was asked whether he had "belittled the capitalistic system" and whether he had "cohabited for some time with a woman who was not his wife." His case was later transferred from the Regional Office of the Civil Service Commission to the Army, and interrogated by two Army Intelligence officers. They told him they were not interested in his morals, but they wanted to know if he had instigated an editorial in a local newspaper about his case.

Counsel for one employe told the interviewer his theory in preparation for the hearings "was to have the employe try to think of any of his activities or associations during the previous twenty-five years which might possibly be construed as showing Communist activity or sympathy, then to state this activity to the Hearing Board, and then to try to explain the conduct."

Some boards are well aware that they are dealing with the future. The clearance of one company having contracts with the Government was held up because a philanthropic director had made contributions to certain listed organizations as well as to his favorite charities. The adviser to the board said, "I think Mr. ———, a matter of great importance to the board at the present time is to find out what procedure you are going to follow in making charitable or organizational contributions in the future?" "Well, I am going to be careful."

In the course of the third hearing of an employe in the Navy Department the attorney advising the board asked, "What do you think of female chastity?" It does not appear how he answered that one. How would you have answered it? Nor does it appear how the man who won the Bronze Star in Korea answered the question about his dates with Japanese girls.

This may or may not have embarrassed a man in the Signal Corps. But what do you think of the security officer who asked a man's wife, in the course of the hearing of charges against him, about "an indiscretion of her youth at the time when she was a college student"? She said that her husband had known all about it. At the close of the hearing the chairman of the board asked him if he felt he had had a fair hearing. Unwarrantably, and therefore the more courteously, he said he had. He was reinstated with full security clearance.

Again and again the employe asks who it is that says these things about him, things he can't remember, things he knows are not true, and yet cannot refute or explain, but only deny. He is bitterly aware how ineffective a general denial always is, however

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vehement, against a specific and particular assertion, however false. When he is refused names he asks for places and dates. If it's a paper or a document he asks to see it. And the times he is given leave to know or to look are pitifully few. For example:

"She was then asked whether she had ever signed a Communist Party nominating petition. After much discussion of the petition the employe stated that she had a cousin with the same name, whereupon she was shown a photostat of a petition signed in 1940 with her name. She identified the signature as that of her cousin."

Suppose she had simply denied she had ever signed such a petition? The board might very well have decided, simply and swiftly, that she was a liar. Would not the board have been wiser—as well as fairer—to have shown her the photostat of the petition at once, without any discussion, and asked her if this was her signature?

The point I want to make is that a tribunal, making an inquiry, as well as when it is judging a case, is helped and not hampered by fair dealing. Due process of law is not required of our courts simply for the sake of the litigants, nor simply out of compassion for those charged with crime. Due process of law, and here a fair treatment of government employes, is a good way to get to the truth of the matter. Relevance is as necessary in the pursuit of the truth as it is to justice. These boards, as I read these fifty abstracts of the proceedings before them, almost all wanted to reach a wise and a good decision. They were no more indifferent to the truth than the employe, though the consequence of error was to them a matter of conscience and not career. They had to stumble over trivialities. The rules of anonymity plainly irked them, for it deprived them of the way a good tribunal can best learn the facts.

No wonder our security boards are so likely to make fools of themselves as well as victims of the employes who appear before them. It is not the fault of the boards. Some of them, as I read these abstracts of their proceedings, are callous, but not all of them. They are courteous. They are conscientious. Stupid sometimes, but usually aware that they are required to be stupid.

I DON'T know much more about our security system than you do. Some of you may be among those who know it at first hand, immediately. No one but those who have been in it, or put through it, have stood face to face with the truth of it. All I know is at second hand from these abstracts

of these cases and from what I have read in the Oppenheimer case. You are as well or better able to answer the questions I am going to try to answer. What is the matter? What is to be done about it?

The charges, you say, are too general and vague. They ought to be specific. I agree. In some cases they have been no more than statements of the law—I mean the Executive Order—and a summons to confess. The inquiry goes beyond the inquisitorial into the confessional, and I can think of no worse confessional than a suspicious security-review board. But you will agree that such an inquiry cannot be just a trial of past facts and past conduct. It is an inquiry into a man's future conduct, and such an inquiry leads, with a terrible logic, into an inquiry of the whole man or the whole woman.

It is hard to say what is not logically relevant to such an inquiry. The limits are set by decency and tradition. A compelled confession demoralizes the confessor and degrades the confessed. It shifts not only the burden of proof, but the burden of making the charge, from the Government, where we have been brought up to believe these burdens belong, to the employe.

What impressed me was the immediate and persistent assumption that all these employes were indeed disloyal or that they were security risks. Abruptly taken off their work, removed from their office or employment, and suspended without pay, they are told they have a right to appeal to a review board for reinstatement. They are the plaintiffs in these cases. The Government simply resists their appeal.

The burden of proving their innocence is on them, and it is made the heavier by the Government's reluctance to make specific charges and by its refusal to confront the employe with the witnesses against him or even to tell him who they are.

It seems to me that this assumption of the guilt of the employe is the root of the evil in our security system.

When President Truman set up the security system in 1947 he prescribed in his Executive Order #9835 that the standard for the removal of an employe "shall be that, on all the evidence, reasonable grounds exist for the belief that the person involved is disloyal to the Government of the United States." The evidence had to be strong enough to be grounds for a belief that the man was disloyal. This made good sense, and the Atomic Energy Commission made this clear in the rules and criteria which it laid down for its boards of review. The AEC said that "the decision as to security clearance is an overall common-sense judgment, made after consideration of all the relevant information as to whether or not there is risk that the granting of security clearance would endanger the common defense or security." And the AEC instructed its boards, "In considering the material before the board, the members of the board, as practical men of affairs, should be guided by the same consideration that would guide them in making a sound decision in the administration of their own lives." Its review boards could have asked for no better instructions. Indeed, this is just what a good board would have done anyhow.

But in 1951 President Truman was persuaded to shift the burden of proof. In his Executive Order #10241 he substituted doubt for belief, so that an employe was to be removed when "on all the evidence, there is reasonable doubt as to the loyalty of the person involved." After that a board no longer had to reach a belief. It was told to stop short and come to a decision on a doubt. Indecision became decisive.

President Eisenhower, when he came in, two years later, tried to soften the accusation by extending it from disloyalty to a security risk. This was Executive Order #10450. It did no good. I think it did harm. High officials in the Administration gloated over the number of security risks they had found and removed, and we saw no difference between a man who was "disloyal" and one who was "a security risk." We lumped them and drew the line at both.

President Eisenhower's Executive Order #10450, leaving the burden of proof on the employe, reworded the question which was to be put up to review boards to read, "whether the employment or retention in employment in the Federal Service of the person being investigated is clearly consistent with the interests of the national security." This requires the board to say, before it can recommend that the employe be reinstated, that his or her reinstatement is "clearly consistent with the interests of the

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national security." And, at the same time, the employe had to convince the board that this was so. The burden of proof was still as firmly fastened on the employe as it had been before, and the burden became heavier when the charge was made vaguer. If the board has a reasonable doubt reinstatement would not be "clearly consistent" with national security, and the board must decide against him.

How can a man dispel another man's doubt when he doesn't even know what the doubt is, or who raised it, or why there is any doubt? But it is worse than that. The Executive Order tells a security officer or a board that it does not matter whether they believe the employe being investigated should be, or could safely be, cleared or reinstated. It does not matter what they believe. If they doubt, if they are not clearly convinced, they must recommend his removal.

Put yourself in the position of a security officer. Seat yourself on one of these boards. You are not callous or indifferent. No more are they. You are all of you keenly aware of the suffering and the humiliation the employe being investigated is being put through. His job depends on your decision, and much of his chances of getting another job. On it too depends the loss of his services to the Government, and they may be valuable. But you are not permitted to count the cost to the Government of losing the employe's services. You must put this out of your mind. Come down to it, you don't really have to make up your mind at all. You are asked to turn an inquiry of the truth into a search for a doubt. An inquiry properly starts with a doubt, but its proper end is a belief. The only inquiry you are to make is to see if the doubt you started with was after all only a mistake.

I understand that the shift from a belief to a doubt was to make the work of the review boards easier, on the notion, I suppose, that it is easier to entertain a doubt than to form a belief. But this is no way to get good men to do a thankless and disagreeable task. You get good men by making the job difficult, interesting, and responsible, and by making it an opportunity to use their natural talents. Here, obviously, the necessary and natural talent is an overall commonsense judgment, such as would guide practical men of affairs in making a sound decision in the administration of their own lives. A man will look on such a job as worth doing, and when done his recommendation will be worth having and worth relying on. When President Truman made the work of the boards easier he made it frustrating, and indeed stultifying. Consider what fools the Gray Board found they were expected to make of themselves in the Oppenheimer case. Remember what they said in their opinion, "It seemed to us that an alternative recommendation would be possible, if we were allowed to exercise mature practical judgment without the rigid circumscription of regulations and criteria established for us."

Finally, I come again to the virtues of publicity. Not the publicity of puffing your own virtues, but the publicity of letting your work be watched. Not the publicity that some of our Congressional investigating committees seek, but the publicity of the court room. Open the hearings, so far as the classified material will permit, to the public. Drop the pretense that the secrecy is for the protection of the employe who is being investigated. Tell the boards that we want their reasons as well as their conclusions. The Atomic Energy Commission has shown that this is possible and profitable. It published opinions which helped us to an understanding of the decision in the Oppenheimer case and a transcript of the testimony that seems to have omitted little or nothing that would help us to a better understanding of the opinions.

Coming away from these fifty security cases, my first sentiment was compassion for little people. There were a few cases of people who would plainly have been able to take care of themselves, had they not mistaken the barbed wire for red tape. The others seemed to be as bewildered as I was. How could a kind Government act so cruelly? There seemed to be nothing to suggest malice. There was an abundance of stupidity. It would do no harm if we were to watch these security boards at work, while we were making up our minds what to do about it. If we were able to watch them they might make it unnecessary for us to do anything. After all, what is needed is no more than the yeast of a little courage to raise the good bread of common sense. And that we never forget what Benjamin Franklin wrote long ago: "The way to be safe is never to be secure."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1116)
ROBERT RUARK:
SOMETHING OF VALUE

Around a blazing fire, with stars frosty in the sky, the mosquitoes gone in the sudden cold, . . . when the boys laughed and sang by their cookfires and thumped drums softly, and hyenas giggled and lions roared . . . the advertised glamor of safari emerged.

Navigators

Continued from page 16

Zealand) to the possessions of the King of his native Yorkshire.

All this is splendidly presented by John Gwyther, a British wartime mariner in the South Pacific, mostly from Captain Cook's own Journals—which, though much more lucid than many similar documents, are entirely too prolix for most readers in this age of capsule culture. Mr. Gwyther has happily condensed them without, however, lessening their flavor. In description of Polynesian femininity, for example, we have this eternal limning of Fayaway, *et al*: "their eyes . . . are full of expression, sometimes sparkling with fire, and sometimes melting with softness; their teeth also are, almost without exception, most beautifully even and white, and their breath perfectly without taint."

But if one prefers Captain Cook in the original (John Hawkesworth's 1785 edition of the Journals) here is another note for the most verdant legend of the South Pacific: "Privacy, indeed, is little wanted among people who have not even the idea of indecency, and who gratify every appetite and paffion before witneffes with no more fenfe of impropriety than we feel when we fatiffy our hunger at a focial board with our family or friends." (Let the proofreader and other readers remember that until the last century "f" generally had to double for "s.")

Unlike most early European (especially English) explorers among "heathen breeds without the law," Captain Cook took no moral stand on the curious (to a European) customs he encountered. He did, in vital self-interest, react vigorously against the native propensity and ingenuity in theft; but otherwise, as Mr. Gwyther notes, he "recorded accurately their mental outlook as far as he could ascertain it and made no attempt to alter it." Further, "he even went to the extent of checking his ship's company before they landed [in Tahiti] to ascertain there was no venereal disease among them." In this, alas, he was too late to prevent harm.

It is tragic irony that so scrupulous an explorer was on a subsequent voyage of major discovery, in this case of our own Hawaii, when he was killed by natives. But we can hope that Mr. Gwyther will soon give us as good an account of this last voyage of the noble and notable Captain Cook as he has of the one here reviewed; for there is a regrettable paucity of good books about his magnificent life and untimely death.

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Personal Problems

Continued from page 17

paraplegic husbands. He tackles the moot question as to whether a paraplegic should marry, and concedes there is the rare girl who is capable of accepting this great challenge.

Terry himself, with the help of his wonderful wife, is eventually ready to make the tremendous jump back into normal existence. From this vantage point he makes his keen assessment of the V. A. hospital, and he is a potent spokesman. These hospitals have taken on completely the expensive and highly specialized job of rehabilitation, of teaching the steps upward that transform the helpless bed patient into a self-supporting human being in command of his fate. The average family would go quickly bankrupt attempting to pay for the expert physiotherapy, psychotherapy, and nursing care which are required for the paraplegic's reestablishment in society. Terry McAdam spells out in detail how this stern necessity is obviated through the excellent programs of our V. A. hospitals.

"The Iron Cradle," by Larry Alexander as told to Adam Barnett (Crowell, $3), is the tale of a rather fearful man under the great duress of severe respiratory polio which resulted in almost complete paralysis. The therapeutic confessions of the author give graphic descriptions of the horrors that confront captives in iron lungs. In the final chapters the author attempts to bridge the gap between his almost defeated self and his community by taking an active lead in his local community's problems. But one senses the newspaper hand of his amanuensis in sounding the final note of personal triumph with which this book concludes.

John D. McKee describes in his book, **"Two Legs to Stand On"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $2.75), how he dealt with the hardships presented by his handicap of cerebral palsy and how, with the help of loving and sensible parents, he achieved maximum independence. His style is consciously jocular and follows the conventional pattern of the "uplift" story of rehabilitation. John McKee, like Christy Brown, began life on an island of isolation. But his entire existence has been spent in the urgency of building bridges away from his island. In this he does not resemble Christy Brown, whose very isolation has nurtured his unique and creative personality, and as a result his book falls short of the creative distinction which, among these four books, is to be found chiefly in Christy Brown's.

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CHILDREN LOVE GRANNY GUINN'S weekly letters. If your favorite 4 to 8-year-old doesn't have a rural grandmother who shares her farm experiences, ask Granny to be a proxy via mail. Letters are 13, $2; 26, $3.50; 52, $6. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

WANTED: Country home for a beautiful, fine-natured, mature cocker spaniel. Someone who can love it and enjoy it. Box W-917.

EXPERIENCED YOUNG WOMAN, Howard University B.A. journalism-English, desires position as writer's assistant and Girl Friday, research, editing, typing, etc. Excellent references. Full or part time. Box W-918.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2. Returnable. Zinman, Chautauqua, N. Y.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE will share home, Boston suburbs, with congenial man. Box W-919.

LIBRARIAN, woman, fiftyish, attractive, Master's degree, 6 years' foreign service, desires interesting position. Box W-920.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LOVELY restored Colonial with connecting shop-apartment, 16 rooms, 4 baths, fully winterized, 5 acres, brooks, swimming pool, garden, barn, magnificent mountain view. 80 miles Manhattan. $37,500. Box W-783.

REMODELED FARMHOUSE in good condition, Vinalhaven Island, Maine. 6 rooms including large studio room suitable artist or writer. Simply furnished with Early American furniture. 48 acres of meadow and woods. 5 minutes to ocean and town. Electricity easily installed. Write Box W-916.

HALF-ACRE ISLAND in Maine Lake. 5 bedrooms, electricity, running water, fireplace, sunroom, boathouses, porches. John Cleveland, Norway, Maine.

VERMONT, PEACHAM. 12-room winterized house, fireplace, 2 baths, automatic heat, abundant water, views, play building large fireplace, barn, all utilities, 120 acres, brook, furnished or unfurnished. Write for particulars, pictures. Box W-901.

SEND 25¢ for booklet of all kinds of Vermont real estate. Walbridge Agency, Realtors, Rutland, Vt.

SUNAPEE VIEW—Unimproved Cape Cod, new roof, 2 fireplaces, 5 rooms, old features, fine view, gravel road, near resort lake. $2,500. Send for picture. King's Arrow Co., Hopkinton, N. H.

CHRISTMAS TREE possibilities in New Hampshire hills. Modernized Cape Codder: 8 rooms, 2 baths, reservoir, oil heat, 2 fireplaces. Over 100 acres. $24,000. Fosdick, RFD #1, Box 261, Claremont, N. H.

For Rent

MAINE ADVENTURE in contentment—Preoccupied professor's shore cottage, completely furnished, modern conveniences, 24½ minutes to Bowdoin College Library. September-October. The Gustafsons, 83 Federal St., Brunswick, Maine.

VERMONT—Country home, modern, comfortable. Good hunting, fishing. Reasonable. Write for details. Box W-915.

TRAVEL

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS—HAVASU CANYON, "Gem of the Grand Canyon." September 19 through October . . . from $8 per day. MEXICO—A GYPSY TOUR, Southern Sonora—Alamos and back country. December-January. One and two-week cycles . . . from $6 per day. Write for details and reservations: WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley, Calif.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet. Surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, New York. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Tennis. Outstanding record library. Excellent American cuisine.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

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SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. In September . . . swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . the peaceful old-world charm of Nantucket, the "Little Grey Lady." Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Bureau, Nantucket 16, Mass.

INDIAN SUMMER at BRANDON INN on village green near library, churches. Real New England food. Elevator. Completely sprinklered. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Tried October in Technicolor? Brandon, Vermont.

MUSIC INN—Sixth annual Folk and Jazz Roundtable August 14 to September 4. Billy Taylor, Mary Lou Williams, Bobby Hackett, Mahalia Jackson, Eddie Condon, many others. Write Stephanie Barber, Lenox, Mass.

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SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vt.

CAROLA GOYA & MATTEO dance at Seven Hills Labor Day weekend . . . all sports, free art lessons, cocktail lounge, dancing. Call Lenox 8677. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox, Mass.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

PLAN NOW for glorious 3-day Labor Day weekend. Moderate rates include swimming, boating, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, ping-pong, wonderful meals, room or cabin. A DIFFERENT weekend. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

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CANYON CREEK CAMP, remote mountain retreat. Fishing, hunting, pack trips, cabins. Vera Schulz, Melrose, Montana.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1117

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

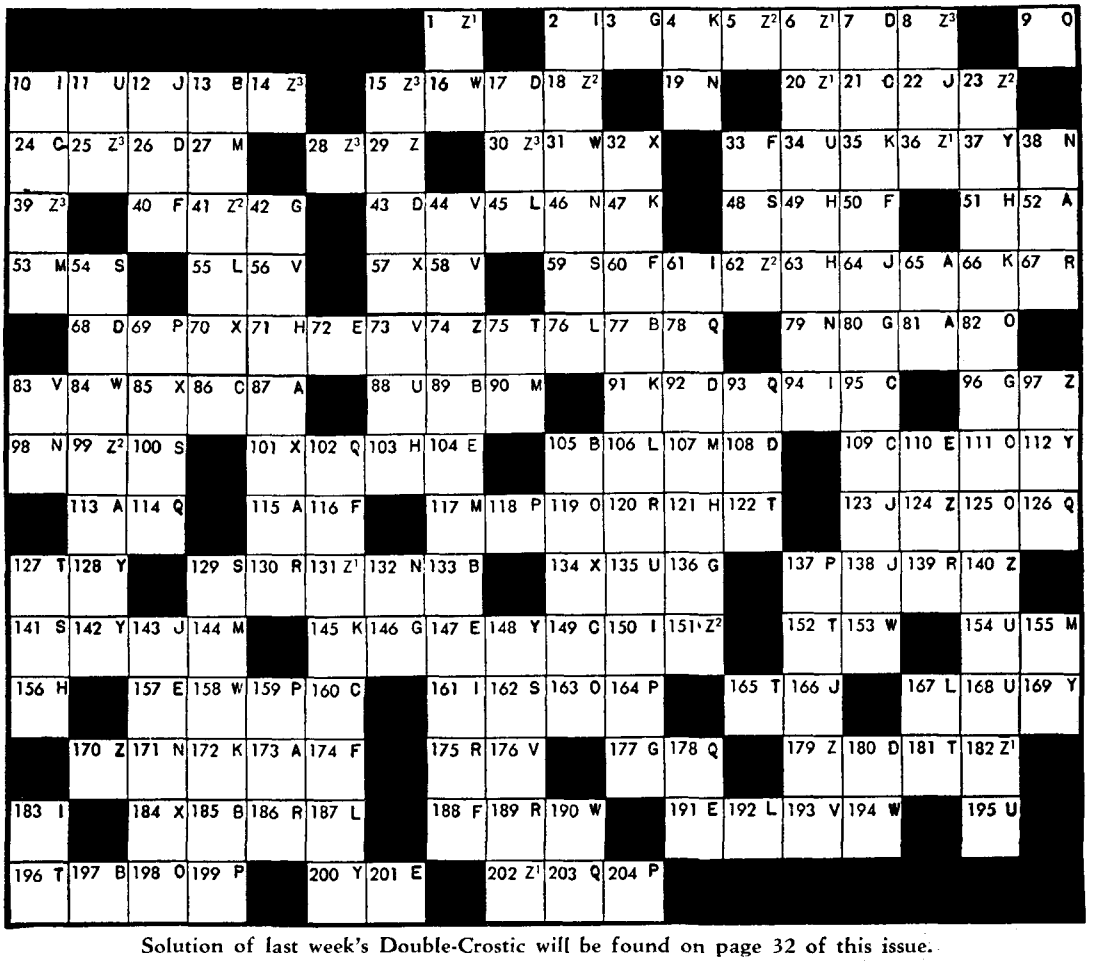
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Applies equally to a small Portuguese guitar and a large heavy knife.	115 52 81 65 87 113 173
B. "Naked seeds," such as the fruit of the buttercup.	185 13 89 197 77 133 105
C. Theft with violence or intimidation.	86 21 24 109 149 160 95
D. Merciful.	108 17 92 26 68 180 7 43
E. Perversely.	147 201 157 191 110 72 104
F. Measured and balanced movements, wherever found.	174 40 116 33 60 50 188
G. Inlaid ornament in many archeological finds.	146 177 96 136 3 42 80
H. Rotary engine activated by a current of fluid.	121 49 156 51 63 103 71
I. Restless, feverish.	10 61 161 2 183 94 150
J. Wanting in reverence for the Supreme Being.	143 22 123 12 166 138 64
K. Level tracts of land without forests, SE Europe and Asia.	145 47 91 172 35 66 4
L. Ancient people (2nd millennium B.C.) who had other nations buffaloed by their ferocity.	192 106 55 167 76 187 45
M. Seems to invite by making a sign.	117 90 53 27 155 107 144
N. Umpire; one who makes a decision when arbitrators cannot agree.	171 132 79 19 38 46 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Moment when (something takes place; 2 wds.).	163 125 119 111 82 9 198
P. Madame DeFarge, among others.	164 69 159 199 137 118 204
Q. Science of mountains.	114 93 102 126 203 78 178
R. Not allowed to speak.	120 186 130 189 175 139 67
S. Resounding blows as from a flat instrument.	141 48 129 162 59 54 100
T. Produced in a kitchen garden.	181 196 152 165 127 75 122
U. The point beyond which Mark Twain said no sermon on a hot day should ever go.	154 195 11 88 168 135 34
V. Valves that will connect with either of certain others at will (comp.)	176 44 56 83 193 58 73
W. Unenlightened.	84 190 158 194 31 16 153
X. Native to a particular people.	32 70 101 85 57 134 184
Y. Narrow margin of escape (colloq.).	148 142 200 37 112 169 128
Z. Pertaining to the town.	29 74 170 97 179 124 140
Z^1. One who holds a position of command.	1 202 6 36 20 131 182
Z^2. Force down, or away.	99 18 5 62 41 151 23
Z^3. Secret procedure.	39 30 14 25 8 28 15

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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Dr. Grenvil	Siemen Jongsma

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